The Outlook

Vol. 66 November 10, 1900 No. 11

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The Election

In 1896 President McKinley received 271 electoral votes and Mr. Bryan 176. In 1900 the vote, as it appears Wednesday morning, stands 292 to 155, as follows:

FOR McKINLEY	Electoral Vote.	FOR BRYAN	Electoral Vote.
California	9	Alabama	11
Connecticut	6	Arkansas	8
Delaware	3	Colorado	4
Illinois	24	Florida	4
Indiana	15	Georgia	13
Iowa	13	Idaho	3
Kansas	10	Kentucky	13
Maine	6	Louisiana	8
Maryland	8	Mississippi	9
Massachusetts	15	Missouri	17
Michigan	14	Montana	3
Minnesota	9	Nevada	3
Nebraska	8	North Carolina	11
New Hampshire	4	South Carolina	9
New Jersey	10	Tennessee	12
New York	36	Texas	15
North Dakota	3	Virginia	12
Ohio	23		
Oregon	4		
Pennsylvania	32		
Rhode Island	4		
South Dakota	4		
Utah	3		
Vermont	4		
Washington	4		
West Virginia	6		
Wisconsin	12		
Wyoming	3		
	292		155

Mr. McKinley is thus re-elected, not only by a larger electoral vote than in 1896, but probably by the largest electoral vote ever given to a Presidential candidate. At this writing his popular vote is still uncertain. Every Northeastern State shows that the Republicans have lost ground; nor do the group of States south of Pennsylvania and north of South Carolina show the gains expected by the Republicans. The solid South seems as solid as ever, with the exception of the decline of Democratic power in Arkansas, a decline offset by the gain in Kentucky, restoring the electoral vote of that State to the party which had so long held it prior to 1896. Though Indiana has finally broken its record of pendulum politics and has voted for the Republican party, the Central West, especially Illinois, shows signs of reaction against Republican policies. Mr. McKinley's greatest gains were in the domain west of the Mississippi. While in the Northwest the majorities of 1896 are apparently maintained, Granger States like South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, and Wyoming have returned to the Republican side, and there are decreased Democratic majorities elsewhere. Even the silver-mining States show a strong disposition to break away from the free-silver party, Utah now being in the column of Republican electoral votes. The Pacific coast is probably again wholly Republican. As to the vote of great cities, the change in New York, Boston, and Chicago is too important not to be chronicled. In New York City, though the vote shows a great Democratic gain over four years ago, the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx give Bryan a much smaller plurality than was expected, a fact which may foreshadow the defeat of Tammany at the next municipal election; the borough of Brooklyn remains Republican. On the other hand, in Boston there was a revolution against the Republican party, the McKinley majority of 1896 being transformed into a Bryan majority. The great Republican decline in Illinois is entirely due to the Chicago vote. Although that city voted for Mr. McKinley, his plurality was but one-fifth of that in 1896. Finally, as to Congress, the Republicans have increased their majorities in both Senate and House. These gains have not been confined to any one section, East, West, and even South contributing. While further returns may change some of these details, it is certain that the country has given plenary power to the Republican party for at least two years more.

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A Fair Vote

The first duty of all public citizens of a free commonwealth is to unite in securing a free vote and an honest count. Arguments can be found for the doctrine that the minority ought to control and the majority to be controlled, but no arguments can be found for the doctrine that the majority ought to possess the appearance and be denied the reality of controlling. Threats of violence, schemes of fraud, contrivances to reverse by electoral boards the verdict of the people expressed through the ballots, are destructive of the foundations of government in a democracy. So are schemes, however veiled, to purchase or intimidate voters. Charges of wholesale purchasing and of wholesale coercion have been made, but at this writing there is nothing to indicate that coercion or direct bribery has been attempted to any considerable extent. But there are two cases at least of attempts to interfere with the judgment of the people which are unquestionable. One is furnished by the threats originating with Mr. Croker, and indorsed and approved by the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, calling upon his followers to interfere by violence with the count of the votes if that count does not agree with their own estimate. That this advice will be followed to any considerable extent we do not believe, but it is easier to kindle a fire than to extinguish it, and such counsel should be met by reprobation from men of all parties. The other attempt is that furnished by the election law of Kentucky, which leaves the count in each county to be determined by a partisan board. The "Evening Post," of Louisville, which declares itself a "Democratic Newspaper," thus characterizes this law: "The House election law passed Saturday is vicious in conception, infamous in its form, violent in its purpose, and a monument to the degradation of the Democratic party." The first duty which each State owes to all its citizens is the enactment and enforcement of a law which will enable every legal voter to cast his vote without fear, and to have it counted without fraud. We have the faith to believe that any body of men who openly interfere with this fundamental purpose will sooner or later suffer in public repute the just penalty of their misdeeds.

A Great Political Parade

The Republican parade which was held last Saturday in this city deserves more than a passing notice. It was a fine spectacle, an impressive political demonstration, and, more than either, an indication that the spirit of law and order may be maintained by enthusiastic political partisans under peculiarly trying conditions. The day was a cold and rainy one, and yet more than one hundred thousand men, according to the estimate of the "World," an opposition newspaper, marched four miles up Broadway and Fifth Avenue to be reviewed by Governor Roosevelt, who stood for several hours in the rain on a stand at Madison Square, much of the time with bared head. The sidewalks were lined with people, windows were crowded, and in many places spectators stood even upon the roofs. Although the regiments were regiments of citizens in ordinary dress, each man carried an American flag, which gave color and picturesqueness to the marching column. The spectators stood under open umbrellas, and were good-natured and appreciative. To the credit of the police, who are supposed to be in sympathy with Mr. Croker and Tammany, it must be said that they preserved order impartially, although there was little need for their services. Some one in authority in the city government, presumably Mr. Croker, had caused to be strung across the line of march the night before a large number of banners with these three inscriptions upon them:

They may make you parade, but they can't make you vote against Bryan.

It is a trust parade, not a Republican parade.

"McKinley's badge is on my coat, but Bryan's is near my heart, God bless him!"

The obvious purpose of the banners was to create such antagonism on the part of the paraders that disorder and possibly rioting might ensue. But General Anson McCook, the Grand Marshal, gave strict orders to every platoon captain that the irritating banners should be ignored, and ignored they were. No better illustration is needed of the truth that it takes two to make a quarrel.

❀

Strikes and Lockouts in North Carolina

North Carolina is experiencing her first conflict between capital and organized labor; and at present

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strikes and lockouts are in progress involving twenty-five or more cotton-mills. Last spring Mr. C. P. Davis was commissioned by the American Federation of Labor to organize unions among all of the textile industries of the South. He began work first in North Carolina, his native State, and met with surprising success. The first clash between these unions and the mill-owners took place at the Proximity Mill near Greensboro'. Learning of the existence of a union among the employees, the president immediately closed the mill, and declared that, having fled from labor agitators in the North, he would not operate a day with union operatives. In two weeks the mill resumed, each employee being required to sign an agreement not to join any labor organization. The next disturbance occurred early in October at the Thomas Holt Mill at Haw River, Alamance County. The discharge of a union operative in that mill precipitated a strike, and caused all of the mills in the county, numbering about twenty, to declare against union labor. On the 15th of October, by concert of action, all of the union laborers were shut out. The following day they assembled at the town of Graham, and, after parading the streets, listened to stirring speeches by Organizer Davis and others. It is believed that all of the mills in the State have combined against union laborers, as the operatives shut out in one place have not been able to obtain positions elsewhere. The lockout having been in progress now several weeks, the resources of the unions are running short, and many families are in distress. The avowed object of the unions is to obtain better wages for adults, so that the children from five to twelve years may be sent to school instead of being worked in the mills. Thus far neither the mill-owners nor the unions seem inclined to yield, and the contest promises to be prolonged and bitter.

❀

Ex-Mayor Strong New York City has lost a representative citizen to whom she owed much for the illustration of sound and intelligent public service by the death of ex-Mayor William L. Strong, which occurred at his home in this city on Friday of last week. Although well past his seventieth year, Mr. Strong until recently had been in unusual vigor of body and mind, and gave promise of renewed service to the city in its coming struggle to free itself from bondage to Tammany Hall. Beginning with small opportunities and limited capital, by integrity, industry, and sagacity, Mr. Strong came to occupy a position of great prominence in the commercial world of New York, and to discharge many trusts in connection with public and private organizations. He was a strong Republican, but he believed in honest and capable municipal government. When the investigation of the Lexow Committee, six years ago, showed that Tammany Hall was practicing its ancient vices of theft and connivance with crime of every kind, Mr. Strong was carried into office as a representative of the popular revolt against bad government. His administration stands out conspicuously for integrity and efficiency. Mayor Strong was not an idealist, but he had an honest scorn for dishonesty and incapacity. Under his leadership the city government was reorganized. Colonel Waring gave us clean streets, and left a record which even Tammany has not dared to disregard. When the Grand Army, in foolish resentment of a hasty remark of Colonel Waring, attempted to secure the resignation of the Street Commissioner, Mayor Strong promptly and courageously refused to yield to popular pressure. In the hands of Mr. Roosevelt, as President of the Board of Police Commissioners, decency reigned in the city. The police force rose rapidly in self-esteem and in the confidence of the community, and crime was promptly and relentlessly punished. Great improvements were made in almost every department of administration, and the facilities of the city for education, traffic, and pleasure were enormously enlarged. The election of Dr. Low as his successor was strongly supported by Mr. Strong, but the opposition of Mr. Platt, who prefers the rule of Tammany to that of an independent and capable man, secured the defeat of Dr. Low and the return to power of an organization which has done much to degrade New York in the eyes of the world. Looking back over the present administration, with its terrible record of connivance with vice and of general inefficiency, the three years of

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Mr. Strong's administration as Mayor stand out in conspicuous relief. His failures were few and unimportant, his successes many and of immense value to the city. He was a great citizen. In the conflict upon which New York must enter as soon as the Presidential campaign is finished, the memory of what Mayor Strong did will be one of the most practical incentives in the difficult task which awaits the city. His counsels in the struggle will be greatly missed.

❀

Seventy-six Millions The aggregate population of the United States as fixed by the new census is 76,295,220, as against 63,069,756 ten years ago. The gain is something over thirteen millions, or nearly twenty-one per cent. These figures, which were given to the public last week, are gratifying as evidence of growth; they have given some surprise to those statisticians who had computed that the ratio of increase of the population would materially diminish in the last decade because of the filling up of the country. There are many interesting developments in the relative growth of States and sections. Thus, New York State still remains much the largest in population, having gained the full twenty-one per cent. of increase, rising in ten years from 5,997,853 to 7,268,009. Of this gain seventy-five per cent. is to be credited to New York City alone, while it is worth noting that the present city of New York now contains almost exactly one-twenty-fifth of the total population of the entire country, and has as many people as the four States of California, Colorado, Connecticut, and Florida combined; while its populous and prosperous neighbor, the State of New Jersey, has little more than half as many people as the metropolis. Without going into exact figures, it may be added that Pennsylvania and Illinois show rapid growth in population; Ohio has not gained nearly as fast as the two States just mentioned; while Texas, on the other hand, has made enormous gains in population, and has taken Massachusetts's place as sixth in population in the country, the order being New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Missouri, Texas, Massachusetts. Kansas has lost three places in the list of rank of population; Colorado and Washington have grown faster than Maine; while Florida, Washington, and Oregon have grown faster proportionately than Maine, Vermont, and New Hampshire; Wyoming and Nevada still have less than 100,000 people each, and Nevada is the only State in the country to show an actual decrease in population. Extremely important questions relating to the reapportionment of Representatives in Congress will grow out of this new census. If Congress fixes the ratio of apportionment as one Congressman for each 200,000 of population, as it will very likely do (instead of one member for each 173,901 of the population as at present), the House will consist of 377 members, and the Presidential Electoral College of 467 members. It seems to be considered probable that this course will be pursued. If it is, Kansas, Nebraska, Maine, and Virginia would lose relatively in their representation, while six States (Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota, New York, Pennsylvania, and Texas) would gain two members each, and twelve States one member each. Politically speaking, and basing the conclusion on past elections, this would appear to be favorable in some degree to the Republican strength.

❀

China According to Hongkong correspondents, the rebellion in the adjacent Chinese province of Kuangtung subsided somewhat last week, owing to the scarcity of arms and ammunition. Serious trouble, however, seems brewing in the Yangtse region further north, whither the Empress Dowager has sent emissaries to raise powerful armed bodies to exterminate converts and to expel foreigners. She has appointed the notoriously anti-foreign General Yu-Chuan to be Military Governor of the entire Yangtse district. The Powers hope to hasten the return of the Imperial family to Peking by cutting off all supplies from Singan, the capital of the province of Shensi and the new residence of the Imperial family. Further east, on the Shansi frontier, near the Great Wall, severe fighting has occurred between an Anglo-German force and the Chinese. The losses were notable on both sides. The Chinese were defeated after a stubborn fight. Berlin

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despatches reporting the event claim that the Chinese troops have thus far lacked organization and a plan of campaign. We may guard against too ready an acceptance of such statements, however, even if this one should prove to be true. There has always been too great a belief placed in any tale, however absurd or self-contradictory, if only applied to the Chinese. This is not altogether surprising, as, in his just-published book, Mr. Holcombe reminds us that until recently the Chinese have been unable or have not cared to defend themselves before the world. For example, if, in 1840, the British had been accurately informed of the facts, and especially if they had been made familiar with the protests of the Peking Government, it is not possible to believe that her Majesty's Government would have been allowed to persist in the opium traffic, and thus to work a cruel wrong upon China. With considerable justice, Mr. Holcombe claims that too much has been written about China from a purely foreign standpoint, and that the world of literature has been too markedly silent regarding what China needs for her own sake. He declares that only a fair knowledge of events and influences at work in the Flowery Kingdom during the past six decades is needed to cause wonder, not at the Boxer outbreak, but that it has been delayed so long. Better than that, he adds, such knowledge would have prevented the outbreak by destroying the cause.

❀

The British Cabinet Rumors of impending changes in the British Cabinet were officially confirmed last week. Queen Victoria has now approved the appointment of the Marquis of Salisbury as Premier and Lord Privy Seal, the Marquis of Lansdowne as Foreign Secretary, Mr. Brodrick as War Secretary, the Earl of Selborne as First Lord of the Admiralty, and Mr. Ritchie as Home Secretary. The fact that Lord Salisbury associates with the Premiership the office of Lord Privy Seal, a sinecure, makes it probable that the venerable Viscount Cross, the late holder, will no longer remain a member of the Cabinet. Lord Salisbury, however, expects still to dominate the Foreign Office, although retiring from its Secretaryship. Contrary to custom, he will have his Prime Minister's desk at the Foreign Office. Lord Lansdowne, one of his most trusted friends, succeeds him as Secretary. In view of the recent apparent breakdown of the War Department under Lord Lansdowne, the judgment alike of experts and of "the man in the street" makes the recent War Secretary a scapegoat and considers that Lord Salisbury, by this promotion, puts an affront upon the general judgment. While this may be true, we must remember that Lord Lansdowne has a diplomatic rather than a business man's capacity. His administrations as Viceroy of Canada and India were successful. The new War Secretary returns to a career with which he has long been associated. From 1886 to 1892 he was Financial Secretary to the War Office, and only left the Under-Secretaryship two years ago to take the position at the Foreign Office vacated by Lord Curzon. In view of the sweeping reforms necessary, Mr. Brodrick's appointment is well received among military men. He is a good debater and a man of marked energy. The appointment of Lord Selborne, in succession to Mr. Goschen, is also generally approved. He has been Under-Secretary at the Colonial Office since 1895. He inherits much of the ability of the late Earl of Selborne, who was Mr. Gladstone's great law officer. The present Earl is a son-in-law of Lord Salisbury. Mr. Ritchie, who succeeds Sir Matthew White Ridley as Home Secretary, has been President of the Board of Trade and has been responsible for much domestic legislation, especially in the reorganization of local government. As a whole, with the continuance of the Premier's personal influence at the Foreign Office, the new Cabinet may be said to be well suited to England's needs.

❀

A Double Revolution News from the South American Republics is slow in reaching the United States, and as it often comes alternately from the two opposing political sides, it is not only slow but untrustworthy. That a revolution has been going on in Colombia has been known, but the first fully intelligible account of the situation we have seen is that given by the United States Minister to Colombia upon his arrival in New York

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last week. Most readers will be astonished to find that the loss in killed and wounded of the present revolution is estimated to aggregate thirty thousand. This is not far from the number of killed and wounded generally estimated as the loss of the Filipinos in the conflict with this country, and it is very much larger than the loss on either side in the recent war between the United States and Spain. That such a war on our own side of the Atlantic should have attracted little attention is surprising; the cause is probably in the fact that no great questions of principle are involved in this revolution, which, like most revolutions in South America, springs out of the clash of personal ambition and the lack of knowledge of what representative government should be. At present the revolutionists in Colombia, although they have gained some important battles, are strategically overmatched by the forces of the Government, and Mr. Hart, our Minister, thinks that the insurrection will soon be put down. Its leader rejoices in the poetical name of Rafael Uribe Uribe. But, apart from the insurrection, another political crisis exists in Colombia which may readily take the form of a second revolution, if it is not already of that character. The President is Señor Sanclemente; the Vice-President, Señor Marroquin. The President is somewhat old and infirm, and has been living at Bogota to recuperate. The Vice-President promptly took advantage of the situation, assumed all the powers of the Presidency, and gained possession of the Government buildings. The Marroquin Government has been recognized by foreign State Departments as the Government *de facto*, the Papal See alone declining to do this. Both Presidents, by some financial and political arrangement impossible to understand here, are receiving full Presidential salaries. In addition to these two revolutions, one bloodless, the other extremely destructive to life, Colombia is suffering from financial difficulties not unnatural under the circumstances.

❀

Congregational Co-operation

The spirit of co-operation is at work not only in the commercial but also in the religious world. In the latter domain interesting evidence of this is a report by a special committee recently appointed to consider the question of larger unity of action on the part of the six missionary societies of the Congregational Church. The report was presented at the annual meeting of the American Missionary Association at Springfield, Mass., and was referred to a committee of that body for consideration. The principal recommendations are that a joint annual meeting be held, with delegates chosen on a common basis of representation by the churches or local conferences; that each society have its separate board of directors and its separate budget of receipts and expenses; that each society have one secretary; that the treasuries be combined in two offices with two treasurers, one in Boston and one in New York; that the solicitation of funds shall be under the care of a special sub-committee selected from the boards of the six societies; and that, whenever necessary, there shall be such a readjustment of the work or territory of the societies as will secure greater economy and prevent two societies from doing similar work upon the same field. There can be no question that a single annual meeting of all the societies of the denomination would tend greatly to increase the attendance and the enthusiasm in the general missionary work of the denomination, and that in general there is need for such co-operation as to secure greater unity of action. The details of the plan will need careful working out, and it will take time to adjust all the conditions so that the desired result can be achieved, but we have no doubt that a federation of the societies along the lines indicated would greatly add both to their efficiency and their economy.

❀

The Episcopal Missionary Council

The Council of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church has just closed its sessions at Louisville, Ky. The meeting has been called the most interesting ever held in the history of that communion. It was largely attended, and was in general marked on the part of both clerical and lay delegates by great catholicity of spirit and breadth of thought. The President of the Council was Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, the foremost missionary bishop now living. The ven-

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erable prelate, also the celebrant at the service of the Holy Communion which preceded the Council, was a picturesquely impressive figure as he administered the sacred emblems to the thirty other bishops present. In order of consecration, Bishop Whipple is now, with one exception, the oldest prelate in the whole Anglican communion. At the two last Lambeth conferences (1888 and 1897), Bishop Whipple represented the American Church as senior bishop. He went to Minnesota the year after Statehood had been claimed, nearly half a century ago, and immediately undertook the championship of the aborigines. He protected their interests successfully against wrongful encroachments by individuals or by the Government. He has not only long been a revered bishop in the Protestant Episcopal Church, but has been looked up to as spiritual and almost as temporal head by Christians and by citizens generally in Minnesota. In appearance and in life no missionary realizes to the popular mind more graphically the dignity and power of successful pioneering than does the one who has long been known as the Apostle to the Indians. As in the recent meeting of the American Board (Congregational) at St. Louis, so at the meeting of the Episcopalians at Louisville the foreign field was dominantly to the fore, and was emphasized by important addresses from Bishops Potter and Doane. The Bishop of New York declared that the almost universal "open door" (not only for commercial intercourse, but for mission extension) was an inspiring opportunity, but an opportunity for the readjustment of method. It should be utilized by according a larger recognition to the good elements of the ethnic religions. He deprecated an unqualified application of the word "heathen" to those religions. He believed that there is a better opportunity for influencing to higher things the trained minds of their devotees than the untrained minds of the savage followers of some purely heathen system. The Bishop of Albany's address may be summarized as follows: (1) The whole Church should recognize that the duty of missions is the very life of the individual Christian, as it is of the Church; (2) it is necessary to abandon all discriminating and differentiating adjectives about missions; (3) there should be a reversal in the methods of missionary administration; and (4) enlargement, not retrenchment, should be the rallying cry. We are glad to note the adoption of the sensible resolution introduced by the Rev. Dr. McKim to secure the necessary enactment to dispense with the words "Domestic and Foreign" in the title of the Society. As the General Convention will undoubtedly ratify the Council's vote, the title will henceforth read "The Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church."

❀

The State Conference of Religion

The first meeting of this body, deferred last April on account of the Ecumenical Conference, is to be held in this city November 20–22. Its aim is one which may count on wide sympathy, the drawing together of the religious forces within the State for co-operative effort in a religious spirit toward that moral betterment of social life which all religious men desire. The strongly supported initiatory stages of the movement we reported in June, 1899. A strong list of speakers is now announced: among them, Presidents Schurman, of Cornell, Raymond, of Wesleyan, G. Stanley Hall, of Clark, Taylor, of Vassar, Gates, recently of Iowa College; Professors Schmidt, of Cornell, Hall, of Union Seminary, Nash, of the Cambridge Divinity School; and Judge Baldwin, of the Connecticut Superior Court. Dr. Wines, of Washington, Dr. Gladden, and the Hon. Bird S. Coler are also announced. Among the more striking topics of the programme we note: "Demands on a Nation Conscious of a Moral Mission," "Dangerous Classes in a Republic," "Religion Vital to Democracy," "Education by Church and School in Social Righteousness," "The Unused Power of the Churches in Politics." The membership of the Conference is quite inclusive. Fifteen denominations are represented in its General Committee, numbering upwards of a hundred and sixty. Among Protestant bodies its overtures were declined by Lutherans only. Among Roman Catholics co-operation was dissuaded by the attitude of Church authorities. The four denominations most largely represented are the Episcopal, Presbyterian, Congregational, and Unitarian, in the order named. The specific

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distinction of this Conference from others with which it may be confused in the popular mind is in its apparent limitation to the practical interests in which men of all forms of religion can unite their efforts. Unlike the Parliament of Religions, which set forth the comparative merits of Christianity, Buddhism, etc., unlike the Federation of Churches with its orthodox constituency, unlike other conferences in which orthodox and liberal try to settle their differences, the State Conference of Religion exhibits Jew and Christian, Unitarian and Trinitarian, putting aside for the time their theological disagreements in an agreement to promote the solidifying of their common religious interests in the purifying and elevating of our social life. The first stage of any such undertaking must, of course, be tentative. The result of the present Conference will appear in nothing immediate, but in whatever it may lead on to. The hall of the Charities Building, corner of Fourth Avenue and East Twenty-second Street, is the designated place for the morning and afternoon sessions of November 21 and 22. The three evening sessions beginning November 20 are to be held in these churches, in the order named: Church of the Holy Communion, West Twentieth Street and Sixth Avenue; All Souls' Church, East Twentieth Street and Fourth Avenue; the Brick Church, Fifth Avenue. The proceedings are to be published in full.

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Anglicans This year the city of Newcastle, England, has been the scene of religious conventions held by Methodists, Anglicans, and Congregationalists. The Convention of the last-named communion has just closed. We would call attention to the address of Mr. Carvell Williams, the President of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, as a review of the present situation in the English Church as it appears to Nonconformists. He happily characterized it as a revolt from religious serfdom. He acknowledged that the English Church was now awakened and thoroughly active, that the best and most independent men declared their position intolerable. There has even been a general admission on the part of Anglicans that the ancient relations of the English Church and the English State require to be altered, it being insisted that the Church is not a State institution, but "a spiritual society for certain spiritual ends, endowed with the right of self-government," and that its organization should be "something more true to its spiritual character as . . . you will find it in the Gospels and the Acts, and in the earliest records of the Church." Admirable as are such sentiments, those who utter them are generally unprepared to adopt the only practicable mode of giving them effect. Many reformers want the blessings of freedom and independence, and yet at the same time to enjoy some of the advantages of Establishment. Mr. Williams referred to the ritualists as those who "repudiate the Royal Supremacy in matters ecclesiastical, cast contempt upon lay courts and judges, declare the Acts of Uniformity to be obsolete, and deny the right of legislation in any way to regulate the doctrines, the ritual, or the discipline of the Church." These would even set at naught episcopal authority, and, as the Bishops plead their helplessness to enforce laws which the clergy have solemnly sworn to obey, we have, said Mr. Williams, an approach to the state of things existing in the days of the Judges of old, when every man did that which was right in his own eyes.

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Nonconformists A situation such as this would seem to be the opportunity for Protestant Nonconformists, whose dislike of ritualism is far greater than that felt by non-ritualistic Anglicans. The latter have addressed themselves to the Nonconformists with the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us." Mr. Williams declares that Congregationalists are anxious to help when they see a clerical insubordination which has for its avowed object to undo the work of the Reformation settlement and to assimilate the teaching, the worship, and the practices of the Church of England to those of the Church of Rome. But how shall Nonconformists help? Anglicans ask them to support legislative measures for putting down ritualism by law. To this Mr. Williams replies that Nonconformists do not believe in legislation as a means of repressing erroneous doctrines or objectionable religious practices. "The Protestantism which

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relies on law for its maintenance leans upon a reed." As the speaker acutely pointed out, legislation has failed to check sacerdotalism in the past; what hope, then, is there of its success in the future? If it has wasted much money and caused many scandals in the case of only a few clerical prosecutions, what may be expected when a large body of recalcitrant clerics have to be dealt with? "It would create martyrs, but would not either convert or crush ritualists." As might have been expected, Mr. Williams asserted, as does The Outlook, that nothing but disestablishment will restore the true Protestantism of the Church of England. Many Anglican reformers, granting this ultimate issue, beseech Nonconformists to assist in Protestantizing it first, even if it should be disestablished afterwards. How is that to be accomplished? asked the speaker. "Parliament will not do it; neither will it empower the Church to do it—so long, at least, as it remains a national institution. If the progress of the movement Romewards shall be checked at all, it will be by the laity of the Church when they are enfranchised by disestablishment."

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Godet and Gordon By the death of Frédéric Godet a venerable and notable figure in the Protestant world passes away. He dies full of years and honors. His death occurred at Neuchâtel, Switzerland, his birthplace and where his life-work was done. He was educated there and at Bonn and Berlin. For six years he was tutor to the Crown of Prussia, later Frederick III. of Germany. Later Godet came back to his beloved Switzerland. After a six years' pastorate in the Val de Ruz, he became Professor of Exegetical and Critical Theology at Neuchâtel. From that time to the present he has been not only the chief ornament of the theological faculty at Neuchâtel; he has been the first citizen of that town, and one of the first in all Switzerland. Distinguished honors were paid to him on his eightieth birthday, eight years ago. Godet's best work is his Commentary on John—best because thoroughly and impressively his own. His later commentaries on Luke, on Romans and Corinthians, were perhaps more scholarly but less original. Few commentaries have been more widely read. Their translations into English, German, Dutch, and Danish command a steady sale, as do his lectures translated into English under the titles "Defense of the Christian Faith," "Old Testament Studies," "New Testament Studies," and "Studies on the Epistles."——The American missionary corps has suffered another severe loss in the death of one of its strongest members, the Rev. M. L. Gordon, M.D., of Kyoto, Japan. Dr. Gordon falls in the ripe vigor of a distinguished career as missionary and educator. A graduate of Waynesburg College, the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, and Andover Theological Seminary, he became a resident of Osaka, Japan in 1872. He was the third missionary sent to Japan by the American Board (Congregational), though he always retained his membership in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. When the Doshisha University at Kyoto was organized as a Christian college, he became Professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology in its theological department. Both by Japanese and by foreigners Dr. Gordon was regarded as one of the foremost scholars in the Japanese language.

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Interdenominational Sermons Philadelphia, Minneapolis, and, we hope, other cities, will this winter effectively contradict the impression that traditional prejudices and bitter antagonisms persist as much as ever among Protestant denominations. Dr. Tupper, the pastor of the First Baptist Church in Philadelphia, has instituted a series of interdenominational sermons to be delivered by representative clergymen on the first Sunday evening of each month, while on the third Sunday evening the pastor himself will lecture on the biography and life-work of some great leader in the denomination whose contributions to the cause of Christianity had been presented a fortnight before. The hymns sung on these special occasions will be by denominational authors respectively. The Baptists will be represented by Dr. Boardman. Spurgeon is the Baptist leader whose biography will be outlined on the third Sunday. The hymns on these occasions are by such Baptist hymnologists as Steele, Beddome, Judson, and

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Lowry. Dr. Richards will speak for the Congregationalists and of their contribution to Christian progress, and two weeks later the pastor's lecture will be on Jonathan Edwards. The hymns on these occasions are taken from the works of Watts, Doddridge, Palmer, Dwight, and Brown. In like manner, in successive months the following denominations are to be treated: Disciples, Episcopalians, Lutherans, Methodists, Moravians, Presbyterians, and Quakers.——In Minneapolis the interdenominational sermons will be delivered this winter at the Church of the Redeemer (Universalist) by Disciples, Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Unitarians, Congregationalists, Universalists, and Christian Scientists. The outline for these addresses proposed by Dr. Shutter, pastor of the church, is as follows: (1) What were the circumstances in which your denomination took its rise? (2) What is your present theological position? (3) What are the distinctive features justifying your separate denominational existence? (4) What is your specific message to the world? (5) How far can you co-operate with others?

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The Meaning of the Election

Four months of debate in press and on platform; a reserved and seemingly apathetic people; much perplexity respecting the "silent vote;" then eleven hours of quiet expression; a night given over to receiving returns, to bonfires, horn-blowing, cheers, wild exhilaration on one side, good-natured disappointment on the other; and then this great, heterogeneous, yet united people, having declared its purpose, settles quietly down to business as before, as though nothing had happened. That is a Presidential election. And its meaning is approval—unmistakable, determined, hearty—of the course of the Administration for the past four years. The apparent fact that the popular majorities both for Mr. Bryan and for Mr. McKinley in their respective States are generally less than four years ago probably indicates only less popular excitement now than then. But at this writing (Wednesday morning) it appears that the Republican party has carried nearly every State in the Union except the once slave States and four of the silver-producing States. It is easy to explain this vote for the Bryan Democracy —that of the silver-producing States because the election of Mr. Bryan would have enhanced the value of their chief product; that of the Southern States because their predilection in favor of the party of expansion was not strong enough to overcome the habit of voting against the party of emancipation.

The meaning of the election is clear, so clear that no one can misunderstand it. The New York "Journal," the most representative organ of the Bryan Democracy in the East, truly interprets the defeat of that Democracy as due to what it calls "the intrusion of the silver issue" and "the policy of cutting loose entirely from the Philippines." In other words, the American people, after much consideration and hot debate, have agreed, with what is extraordinary unanimity when past and party prejudices are reckoned with, first, that they will adopt as theirs the standard of values which the commercial world has adopted; second, that they will accept the results of the war which they have waged: having assumed the responsibilities of government in an archipelago on the other side of the globe, they will not shrink from fulfilling its burdensome and costly obligations.

For two years the Republican party will control the Executive and both Houses of Congress. What will it do with the power intrusted to it? What it ought to do is to us clear.

I. It must push forward the construction of an Interoceanic canal owned, controlled, and protected by the Government. It must not allow it to be built by private capital and owned by private capitalists. If it does, it will be false to its promises.

II. It must frame and enact such monetary legislation as will simplify our currency and make it at once stable and flexible. And for this purpose it must, by language perfectly explicit and unmistakable, take out of the hands of the executive the dangerous power to substitute silver for gold at his option in paying the obligations of the people. That power, if reserved to the Government at all, should be reserved by Congress for itself.

III. It has condemned "all conspiracies and combinations intended to restrict

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business, to create monopolies, to limit production, or to control prices," and has pledged itself to "favor such legislation as will effectively restrain and prevent all such abuses, protect and promote competition, and secure the right of producers, laborers, and all who are engaged in industry and commerce." This is a comprehensive pledge; it must be faithfully and fearlessly carried out. The ablest statesmen of the Republican party can give themselves to no better task than to studying how to accomplish so difficult and so beneficial a result. The American people believe as little in capitalistic as in political or military despotism. The ablest speakers in the Republican party have proposed publicity of corporation accounts, laws against stock-watering, equal taxation of franchises. To these may well be added the Democratic remedy of the repeal of all tariff protection of great combinations. In these ways or in some way the Republican party must find a peaceful protection from and prevention of monopolies, or a party of the future will seek this result by methods that are revolutionary.

IV. If the South could have been freed from traditional prejudices, there is no doubt that on expansion the Administration would have carried several, perhaps many, of the Southern States. If it had not been for the silver interests, it would probably have carried the four silver States. On this issue the vote of the American people would have been practically unanimous. But this does not indicate any sympathy in America with imperialism. There is no party in America in favor of imperialism; it would not be possible to carry a single State, no! not a single county, in favor of a war of subjugation of a foreign people. This vote on what the Democratic party truly defined as the "paramount issue" means that the people have taken the facts from President Schurman and Judge Taft, not from Carl Schurz and the "Springfield Republican," and their principles from President McKinley and Elihu Root, not from William Lloyd Garrison and Mr. Edward Atkinson. America had become, whether it would or no, a world power. This vote means that the American people accept, some with gladness and gratitude, some doubtless with reluctance if not hesitation, the responsibilities which that fact lays upon them, and mean to go on to the fulfillment of those obligations, without fear of disaster at home or dishonor abroad. Imperialism as a political war-cry fell on incredulous ears. Imperialism as an honest dread of future possibilities, due to the mistaken impression that history is ever repeating itself, did not prove contagious. It has been, indeed, difficult to take seriously the dread that Mr. McKinley would prove a second Cæsar or a little Napoleon, and that America, even if provided with an army of one soldier to every thousand of its inhabitants, could be transformed into a military empire.

But it would be a great mistake if such elements of commercialism or militarism as may exist in the Republican party should accept this vote as a vote of confidence. The Spanish war was a war of emancipation, not of conquest. In the last four years we have set Cuba free, and, having pledged our honor, must go on and give her the opportunity to try her doubtful experiment of independence; we have set Porto Rico free, and, whatever her final form of government, whether colonial or territorial, we must give her all the advantages we claim for ourselves; we have set the Philippines free from Spanish despotism, and our present war is waged, not to subjugate a free people, but to save a harassed and distressed people from anarchy, and we must go on under an honest and capable Civil Service to establish among this undeveloped people a system of self-government, securing to them liberty founded on justice and protected by law now, and leaving the question of independence for the future; we have secured for Hawaii a stable government, and protected her by our flag from those rumors of wars which are almost as disastrous as war itself, and we must consummate this achievement by securing for her under our flag the benefits of a true, American, Christian civilization. It is because the American people want this done, not because they want to extend their territory, their world power, or their territorial domain, and because they believe that the Republican party has shown itself, despite some mistakes and some bad counselors, able and desirous to do this, that they have intrusted it with the powers of government for another term.

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A Republican Tammany

The political condition of affairs in Philadelphia furnishes evidence of the truth, which American citizens are slow to accept, that public corruption and public dishonor are not peculiar to either of the two great political parties. New York is controlled by the Democratic party, Philadelphia by the Republican party, and it is difficult to say in which city the corruption is the worse and public officials are the more shameless.

Our readers will remember that last May it was stated that the Director of Public Safety, who has the control of the police of the city of Philadelphia, sought an interview with John Wanamaker at his private office, told him that he had been under surveillance for eight months, and threatened him that unless he put an end to the criticisms published in the "North American" against the city and its officials, a personal attack against him through the press would be initiated. Mr. Wanamaker met this attempt at blackmail, as blackmailers ought always to be met, with defiance. He published the facts. The indignation of the city was aroused, and a public meeting was held at which resolutions were passed, one of which requested the Mayor of the city, Mr. Ashbridge, "to arrange for an open and public investigation of the charges (preferred by Mr. Wanamaker) by a committee of impartial citizens." This the Mayor refused to do. A committee appointed by the meeting then itself undertook the work of investigation. They invited statements from the Director of Public Safety and the Commissioner of Police, both of whom refused to respond. They secured the testimony of Mr. Wanamaker and his private secretary; they examined the files of the "North American," edited by Mr. Wanamaker's son, and found in them no personal attacks on the private lives of either the Mayor or the Director, but only criticism of their public and official actions; and they embodied their conclusion respecting both the Mayor and the Director of Public Safety in the following resolution:

Your committee, therefore, is of the opinion that the testimony of Mr. Wanamaker and of Mr. Meyers makes out a case, under the provisions of the Act of Assembly before recited, against Director of Public Safety Abraham L. English, which would justify a conviction, unless the same be legally overcome at the trial; and we therefore submit for the consideration and determination of the Committee of Twenty the question whether or not such proceedings under said Act shall be commenced against him for his trial and removal, if convicted.

The General Committee to which this report has been made by the sub-committee have decided not to undertake any proceedings for the impeachment of Director English, on the ground that any such attempt would be useless, because "the case would have to be tried in Select Council, where the same methods of blackmail as have already been practiced would be continued. Mayor Ashbridge's absolute power over Select Council, assisted by bribing methods, would make a conviction impossible." At the same time they declared their conviction that "from the Mayor's refusal to order an investigation of the conduct of Mr. English on the request of a town meeting of representative citizens, the committee is justified in regarding him as aiding and abetting Mr. English in the corrupt act committed, and that the Mayor is therefore to be equally censured by the community."

We are not inclined to criticise the judgment of such a committee, who know the local conditions far better than such a paper as The Outlook can know them. At the same time, we are inclined to the opinion that the Cromwellian spirit would have forced the issue by bringing impeachment proceedings, and thus subjecting the Select Council, if it refused to entertain them, to the same judgment to which the Director of Public Safety and the Mayor have been subjected. The secret of their shameless defiance of public sentiment is indicated by an address which has been issued by a Committee of One Hundred, signed by Philip C. Garrett and Robert R. Corson for the Committee. In this address it is stated that "misgovernment under the present administration of our city affairs surpasses all previous experience;" and this general indictment is accompanied with the following specifications:

Enemies of good government oppress us. They make public contracts a means of private gain; franchises of great value are delivered to personal friends without public compensation, with reputable names put forward to pacify and deceive the public; the will of the people is subverted to private and political

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interests, and the police power is made a weapon for blackmail and for stifling the liberty of the press; elections are a sham; frauds at the primaries secure machine candidates, frauds at the polls secure their election, giving us officials owned by the machine and bound to obey its commands.

The fact that the same party which controls the city of Philadelphia controls the State of Pennsylvania makes the remedy for this intolerable condition of things very difficult. It is difficult to secure a Legislature which will take the necessary action to secure honest elections in the city. Even if such a Legislature is elected, its action may be vetoed by the Governor, who has shown himself a subservient instrument of the machine. Mr. Wanamaker thinks the best hope is in a movement to secure at an early day a Constitutional Convention, which, coming from the people, might be less subservient to corrupt political rule.

In our judgment, any remedy to be adequate must go much deeper. The citizens of Philadelphia and of Pennsylvania should feel the disgrace which attaches both to the city and the State, and they should resolve at every hazard to secure honest men in public office. It makes little difference what party controls a municipal government if dishonest men control the party. One might as well ask for the opinions of a rat respecting domestic economy, while engaged in a foray on the house larder, as to ask the opinions of men who put public sentiment at defiance and openly threaten honorable citizens with blackmail as to their views concerning the free coinage of silver, the tariff, or expansion. Many years ago a wise man gave to the greatest statesman of the age, if not of all the ages, this practical counsel: "Moreover, thou shalt provide out of all the people able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating coveteousness; and place such over them, to be rulers of thousands, and rulers of hundreds, rulers of fifties, and rulers of tens."

Not until the American people abandon the pernicious motto, Principles, not men, and substitute in its place, Principles in men; not until they choose able men, conscientious men, truth-loving men, and men that hate coveteousness, will they redeem their country from the disgrace which now attaches to a land whose great cities are ruled as are New York and Philadelphia.

Presbyterian Union

The formal union at Edinburgh of the Free Church Assembly and the United Presbyterian Synod marks a new epoch in Scotch Christianity.

More than a century and a half ago the United Presbyterians withdrew from the General Assembly on account of the intrusion of ministers by the State under the Patronage Act against the will of the people. More than half a century ago the Free Church Presbyterians withdrew on account of wrongs sustained by the Church from the civil courts. The United Presbyterians gave no recognition, the Free Church people slight recognition, to connection with the State. Now the same loyalty of conscience which dictated those withdrawals unites the descendants of the dissenters and lessens the action of centrifugal forces. Forty years ago an effort was begun to bring together the United Presbyterians and the Free Church forces, and this effort was continued for fifteen years, at the expiration of which time the United Presbyterians definitely declined to fuse. Four years ago negotiations were resumed, and have now been carried to a triumphant conclusion.

It was hoped that the success would be complete, but five hundred elders of the Free Church, through their representatives in the Assembly, still objected to the proposed union. Principal Rainy, who had moved in the Free Church Assembly the resolution in favor of union, showed the numerical insignificance of the protestants by reminding the Assembly that there were ten thousand elders in the Free Church.

On the day when the formal union was consummated, the ministers marched from their respective halls to Waverley Market, and there held the first meeting of the United Free Church of Scotland. Three thousand ministers were in the procession; dense crowds along the routes cheered them continually; Waverley Market Hall had been liberally decked with flags used by the wild old Covenanters; the scene was a striking one, the occasion thrilling. Among those who took part in the proceedings were the Earl of Aberdeen, Dr. Watson (Ian Maclaren), Dr. Parker, and delegates from foreign countries. The first Moderator of the United Free Church

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was chosen, and the choice fell upon Dr. Rainy, long Principal of New College, Edinburgh, and well known as the author of important books on Bible criticism. His connection with education gives him a peculiar interest in the new plan for theological instruction resulting from the ecclesiastical union. The United Presbyterian College in Edinburgh is to be abolished, and its professors distributed over the three colleges (or "Divinity Halls," as they will be called) of the new United Free Church, at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen. The Established Church of Scotland (Presbyterian) has over fourteen hundred parishes, the new United Free Church seventeen hundred, and therefore its united influence is likely to bring about what two Churches working separately, and each with fewer numbers than are represented in the Established Church, was never able to induce.

The Free United Presbyterian Church in Scotland will now stand more unitedly and firmly than ever for loyalty to Scriptural doctrine and for simplicity in worship, together with local self-government. Its voice will be heard in Parliament, demanding more clearly and dominantly than before the disestablishment of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. Gift livings are refused as sturdily by their descendants as by Dr. Chalmers and the seven hundred other ministers who in 1843 voluntarily and nobly gave up an annual income from the State of half a million dollars. While unacceptable clergymen are rarely forced on unwilling congregations either in Scotland or England, the separation of Church and State can be only a matter of time in either country.

This impressive example of union and co-operation should not be without influence on schism in this country. The natural corollary of Presbyterian union in Scotland is Presbyterian union in America. The largest Presbyterian Church in this country is the Northern, numbering about a million adherents; the Southern has about a quarter of that total. The Cumberland Presbyterian Church has nearly two hundred thousand members, and the United Presbyterian has a hundred and twenty-five thousand; the Reformed (German) Church numbers a quarter of a million members, and the Reformed (Dutch) Church a hundred and eleven thousand. Why should not these Churches combine?

Ex-President Harrison, himself a distinguished Presbyterian layman, has said: "The Presbyterian is not an illiberal Church. There is no body of Christians in the world which opens its arms wider to all who love the Master than the Presbyterian Church. It is catholic in its sympathy and in its co-operation with all churches." Why should it not be catholic in its sympathy and in its co-operation inside its own communion?

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Lord Salisbury's Foreign Policy

The official announcement of Lord Salisbury's resignation from the post of British Foreign Minister evokes a review of his foreign policy during his latest administration. He became Foreign Minister in 1878, succeeding Lord Derby, and held office until 1880. He held office again from 1885 to 1886, from 1886 to 1892, and since 1895. Throughout all these years his diplomacy has seemed at the other pole from Mr. Chamberlain's; it might have descended to him in unbroken tradition from his Elizabethan ancestors. Lord Salisbury's work as Foreign Minister began twenty-three years ago, but he has been in public life for nearly half a century. Four times Foreign Minister, he has also been four times Prime Minister. He has generally held both offices at the same time—an onerous task.

His course has been marked by notable failures but by more notable successes. His greatest failures and successes have been in Africa. Among the former, the principal has been, of course, his weakness in not discovering and preventing the criminal conspiracy resulting in the Jameson Raid; in not inducing a pacific solution of differences with the South African Republic; in not preventing Boer invasion of British territory; and, finally, in not calculating with even approximate accuracy the military capacity of the Boers.

Lord Salisbury's failures in dealing with Turkey are equally notable. Regarding the Armenian crisis, it may be said that all the Premiers of European States showed a similar weakness. None of

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them, however, had the same responsibility as had Lord Salisbury. When, in 1878, he and Lord Beaconsfield, representing the British Government, insisted that the just Treaty of San Stefano should be abrogated and replaced by the Treaty of Berlin, the English Government took upon itself specific obligations with regard to the protection of Christians in the Sultan's dominion—obligations which Lord Salisbury was apparently inexcusably weak in fulfilling. His subsequent course with Turkey during the three years' war of extermination between Muslims and Christians in Crete and its logical outcome, the war between Turkey and Greece, seemed equally vacillating.

After these failures the others are minor matters, though they have to do with such Powers as France and Russia. With the first country Lord Salisbury failed (1) in not forestalling the French expedition to the upper Nile, and (2) in not relieving Newfoundland from the burden of French treaty rights. With Russia Lord Salisbury failed in not preventing the transfer by China of Talienwan and Port Arthur, and also in not upholding the right of British war-ships to visit the last-named place.

The successes of Lord Salisbury have been striking. History will probably chronicle the establishment of British sovereignty throughout South Africa, together with the avoidance of foreign intervention, as its greatest triumph; and while British authority has within the past twelve months asserted itself in the southern portion of the African continent, its assertion two years ago throughout a large part of North Africa, east and west, was almost as notable. This was brought about by a treaty with the ruler of Abyssinia, securing that monarch's neutrality; by the Khalifa's defeat and the recovery of a vast territory; by the final rejection of French pretensions to sovereignty on the Nile; by a treaty with France settling all claims throughout Africa; by the welcome substitution of Imperial for Chartered rule in Nigeria; and by the definite conquest of Ashanti.

In his relations with Turkey, despite the ignominious failures to which attention has been called, Lord Salisbury may point to the fact that, largely through his diplomacy, Crete secured a grant of autonomy, and, largely through his energy, Greece was saved from extinction by Turkey.

In his relations with this country Lord Salisbury would probably wish to have his administration credited with the settlement of the Venezuelan dispute without war; and perhaps he ascribes to himself the present amicable understanding between the two great English-speaking peoples and their Governments. Americans, however, may think that they have had no small share in this.

His latest success comes to light in the agreement between England and Germany to maintain the open door in China, and to abstain from increasing their territorial dominions there. As the latter clause is, however, contingent upon the conduct of other Powers, we may not place so much confidence in it as in the first, which, however, only confirms the formal acceptance by all the Powers six months ago of the proposition put forth by our own Government as to freedom of trade in China. This triumph, therefore, really belongs, not to Lord Salisbury, but to Colonel Hay. If the recent course of the British Government in China has not altogether pleased the believers in a "forward" policy, Lord Salisbury can show, nevertheless, that in his administration Great Britain acquired two important points in China. The first is the fortress of Weihaiwei, and the second the important territory of Kaulun, half surrounding Hongkong. More significant than either, however, was his timely agreement with Russia by which the former country agreed to abstain from further aggressions in the Yangtse district in return for a British agreement to abstain from aggressions north of that district.

The Australian federation, one of the most hopeful political developments of modern times, can hardly be attributed to any particular energy on the part of Lord Salisbury, although it occurred during his administration.

The retiring Foreign Minister is a past-master not only in diplomacy, but in the exposition of his policy. His admirers claim that he has little to learn from the Chamberlain school regarding frankness, directness, and lucidity of statement. On the other hand, it would seem, say they, in looking over the despatches between the Colonial Office and Pretoria, that Mr.

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Chamberlain's policy might learn something from Lord Salisbury's. The voice of the new diplomacy will hardly excel the voice of the old either in clarity or in certainty of tone.

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Inviting the Best Things

It is a matter of prime importance whether a man collects the material of life about him or gives it form and completeness by the working out of his own nature. The house which has been decorated and furnished out of hand by an expert holds a relation to its owner very different from that which is held by a house which represents his individual taste and has been gradually conformed in color and form to his individuality. The house which the expert prepares as a matter of skill is often very beautiful, but it never has the significance possessed by the house which discloses everywhere the touch of a single personality slowly evolving an outward harmony in response to an inward craving for order and beauty. It is wise to have beautiful things about us, even if we do not comprehend or enjoy them; but it is far wiser to surround ourselves with harmonious colors and forms because we cannot rest content in any kind of discord.

True preparation for orderly, beautiful, and dignified ways of living must be made within a man; and the visible beauty with which he surrounds himself ought to be a key to his tastes. There is an attractive power in character which we rarely understand, but which is the key to outward prosperity of all kinds. The happenings of life lie in wait along the highway until the person to whom they belong by natural affiliation appears, and then instantly attach themselves to him. To the passionate, lawless, and violent, things of kindred nature are always hastening with swift, unerring feet. For him who takes the sword the sword is always in readiness. The fates are asleep until we awaken them; they never come unsought; they await our invitation, and are powerless until we open the doors to them. The witches on the blasted heath predicting greatness to Macbeth did not destroy a noble nature. Banquo heard the same fateful words, but the doors of his spirit were locked and bolted by loyalty and integrity, and over him the spirits of evil had no power. Macbeth had long been making ready for them, and their words of fate fell into a quick soil. All his life the future murderer and tyrant had been inviting the day when, in the storm of battle, his own life should be extinguished as mercilessly as he had put out the light of countless other lives.

To men and women of unbalanced ambitions, unrestrained passions, uncontrolled temper, tragedy is always approaching. They are marked for disaster, not by a fate outside themselves, but by the very structure of their own nature. Violence is sown for the violent as light is sown for the righteous; in the end every man faces himself in the harvest he has to reap, and no man reaps what he has not sown.

The unselfish and loving, who serve and wait, are often astonished by the affection and devotion they evoke. They cannot understand how so much has come to them when they feel so keenly their own poverty of spirit and are filled with a deep and genuine self-dissatisfaction. They are always sowing the seeds of kindness, but when their ways blossom with all manner of beautiful words and deeds, they do not recognize the fruit of their own sweetness and devotion. They are always inviting kindness, affection, and trust, and these qualities are always lying in wait along their paths in a thousand beautiful forms.

If one longs for a noble and harmonious life, with the resources of taste, intelligence, and culture, with the warmth which comes into the air of the world from troops of friends, with such an external ordering of life in estate, house, furnishings, and social order as shall express a high-minded and generous spirit, let him prepare his own character for these great prosperities. To the man of harmonious nature, fine taste, and kindly spirit the things which give external life order, beauty, and dignity are always coming. If one sets out to acquire these things and add them to himself, they generally evade and escape him; they are not waiting for him, and when he comes they do not know him. But let him be in his own spirit what he desires to express in his belongings, and all these things shall be added to him; they belong to him, and, as a rule, they are waiting for him.

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The Spectator

When the astounding discovery was made a few weeks ago that a teller in one of New York's foremost banks had stolen nearly seven hundred thousand dollars, which the bank had not missed, there was a deal of talk printed in the newspapers from officers of other banks as to the methods employed by them to prevent similar happenings in their own institutions. Some relied on bonds, some on inspections, some on changing clerks and officers from one duty to another without notice, and some on a constant and unremitting surveillance by detectives of all employed in the bank. The president of one of the very largest of these institutions said that his assistants were kept under such rigid surveillance that he could tell almost immediately whether a man with a salary of $3,500 a year was spending $3,700. This statement struck the Spectator as quite extraordinary. Indeed, the Spectator has no hesitation in saying that he does not believe the bank president could do anything of the kind. Nor does the Spectator believe that such a method of detection could be either accurate or just, even though the margin between salary and seeming expenditure were considerably raised—raised, say, to $4,500 or even to $5,000. One can be passing rich on $2,500 a year, while another, with the same family to provide for, will be miserably poor on $5,000 a year. This matter of riches or poverty, or the appearance thereof, though the means are limited, is merely a matter of management. The Spectator knows, and every observant person will corroborate his statement, that there are many men, even without vicious habits, through whose fingers money slips as though it were water, while there are others, with much less income, who manage to have what they want and at the same time always live within their means.

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When a man is a spendthrift, we take it for granted, often very hastily and unjustly, that he is both dissolute and vicious. That is not by any means so. Probably those whose careers come to a sensational climax in the courts of bankruptcy have usually been pretty bad; but mismanagement and an inability to keep the ends tied together are responsible for more material unhappiness than the causes at which the preachers and moralists can point the finger of scorn. In the hands of some otherwise excellent persons money melts away as ice does under the rays of the sun, and in many instances they are no more to be blamed than an invalid is to be blamed for not being strong, or an ugly woman for not being beautiful. They were made that way, and the training they received did not enable them to grow strong or get beautiful. To be sure, such men should not be employed in banks or in other positions of trust, for the man who cannot look after his own affairs ought not to be supposed to have any wonderful ability in the administration of the affairs of other people.

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As a matter of fact, it seems to the Spectator that in the business world enough stress is not laid on character. Character should be a man's most valuable asset, not only in the estimation of his friends in society, but in the world of business as well. But the business man prefers what he regards as a more tangible asset. He wants to know whether, if the man of character meets with misfortune, there is something that he can attach by process of law. There is where the Spectator believes many business men make a very great mistake. Here is a case in instance—two cases. They came recently under the Spectator's notice. Two men wished to open accounts at a large shop in New York. One was a broker of thirty, the other a successful literary man of forty. The broker probably made twice as much money as the literary man, but he certainly spent more than twice as much. References were asked for. The broker gave two other brokers; the literary man gave two publishers. The broker's friends said that he was a hustling fellow and likely to get along; the writer's friends said that he was a man of note, of character, and had an ample income to supply his wants. The broker's account was accepted because he was in business; the literary man's account was refused because he was not in business and there was nothing tangible upon which the tradesman could seize. Here was the sequel. The author did his trading at another shop, where he continued to pay

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cash and went serenely on his way, wondering a little, however, at the poor esteem in which a man was held even though he was considered worthy to teach both morals and manners. The broker in less than a year went to smash, owing vast sums and with nothing to pay. In these instances the tradesman unquestionably preferred the greater to the lesser risk, and preferred it deliberately on a mistaken notion as to the real value of assets.

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That is a matter which bank officers should take into greater consideration. They should also know that character is not a thing which springs full grown at once. It is a matter of growth. It starts with good intentions allied to good principles. These may never amount to anything, may even go to utter decay and ruin; or they may grow into that splendid thing which neither temptation can weaken nor disaster shatter. The young men who go into banks are presumably of the stuff of which men of character are built. They start out full of ambition and of hope. They come, as a general thing, of good families and are members of the classes we call refined. They are expected to dress well and generally to keep up a good appearance. But they are wretchedly paid. The best of those who remain clerks are never as well paid as artisans. In the bank where the Spectator keeps his small account the receiving teller gets $1,100 a year, and the paying teller $1,300. The Spectator has no hesitation in saying that he regards this as wrong from every point of view. The work these men do ought to be worth more—much more. And then young men, not yet matured in that growth which makes the man of character unassailable, should not be in places where the opportunity to be dishonest is ever present, and especially so when the compensation must leave both of them short of the very things they are expected to have.

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The men who pass their lives in handling money are very apt to become abrupt and harsh in manner. The Spectator has observed this for many years, and has pondered over it. There was one place where the Spectator had twenty-odd transactions with a cashier every year. It was a disagreeable business. The cashier always made the Spectator, who was then a very impressionable youth, feel that he was doing something wrong in getting the money he had earned. This was the worst case the Spectator ever encountered, but he has known many others. In the course of years, in the same post where the very disagreeable cashier had been was a new man. He was affability itself. He always had a pleasant word and a kindly smile. The Spectator once met this cashier away from his duties, and said to him, "You are the pleasantest cashier I know." "That is nice," replied the cashier. Then the Spectator explained himself, and asked the agreeable one why it was that men who handled money were habitually so cross. The cashier said: "Yes, I have noticed that, and I will tell you why. The responsibility is very great. I can make a mistake in the tenth part of a second that would cost me a day's or a week's pay. Then there are lots of people who are trying to do you in little ways. These things get on a man's nerves, and he gets so cross that it becomes a habit. Why, after I had had my place about six months I found that I was losing all my geniality. I even took my habits home and was cross there to the children. One time, when I had been particularly disagreeable, I felt so ashamed of myself that I went out and took a long walk and looked the matter over with myself. I saw how it was, and I concluded that I would throw up the job rather than grow into the kind of fellow old Smithson was. You remember old Smithson. He had been in my cage for thirty years, and when he died there was not a man of the twelve hundred in our place who went to the old man's funeral. They hated him, and were not sorry that he was dead. None of that for me, I said to myself. When I die, I should like for some of the boys to come around with flowers and look sad. So I concluded to be as different from old Smithson as possible. And I find it lightens the work, and I do not believe I make any more mistakes than I would if were I cross." Such was the pleasant cashier's story. He holds a higher post now, and is still pleasant. Maybe he got the higher post because of his good manners and kindly habits.

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A Prisoner in Peking[1]

The Diary of an American Woman During the Siege

By Luella Miner

Professor in the American College at Tungchau, China

[It was the wish of the writer of this journal that, if published, it might be prefaced with some words emphasizing the fact that many missionaries have foreseen the danger of this catastrophe, though only faintly realizing its full meaning. There are many and ample reasons for believing that, if the representatives of the Powers had heeded the warnings of the missionaries, this tidal wave of heathenism, cruelty, and superstition might have been held within bounds, and the fearful loss of property and life been averted. Miss Miner's journal begins with "that terrible thirteenth of June," when pandemonium was let loose in the city of Peking. At the college and in the mission compound inside the city of Tungchau was stationed the largest body of American Board (Congregational) missionaries located at any one point in China. The people and the Taotai, the chief official of the city, were friendly to the missionaries. So, while the reports of Boxer threats and outrages were coming in from the villages about, they felt themselves comparatively safe. The first hint of actual danger received at the college was the sending of a force of Chinese soldiers to defend the people there. Some of the men of the mission called on the Taotai to confer with him. With tears in his eyes he confessed that he was powerless to do anything for them, and that he himself was in peril for his relations with the foreigners. There was but one thing to do. At three o'clock the next morning, June 8, the missionaries bade good-by to their homes and beautiful college buildings, and their carts jolted out on the road to Peking. The exiles found a grateful refuge in a compound belonging to the Methodist mission in that city. There the Chinese refugees came pouring in, until fifty of their two hundred and fifty Tungchau church members, with many children, and fifty of the seven hundred connected with American Board churches in and about Peking, were counted among the saved. The devotion of the missionaries to their Chinese people is to us the most touching and impressive feature of this story of the siege.—THE EDITORS.]

JUNE 13, 1900.—Just after breakfast Wen-Hsien-Sheng came from Tungchau. He is the wealthy young man who started a "Western Learning" school there. The Boxers tore up the greater part of his establishment, but he was concealed within where they did not find him. None of his family are Christians, but all have been interested in the truth as taught them by Wen-Hsien-Sheng. His mother knocked her head to the Boxer god, and so escaped trouble. His wife refused at first, but was wounded in the arm, after which, I understand, she worshiped at their shrine—also the children. When on the way to Peking, when he was off his cart for a time, his carter and mule were killed by the soldiers of General Tung, the notorious official high in favor with the Empress Dowager. Just at this crisis a soldier, who did not know Wen was a Christian, asked him to ride in his cart and keep his money from being stolen. So he reached here in safety almost by a miracle. He reports that Tungchau is entirely in the hands of the Boxers.

All of our Shantung missionaries and those of other missions in the interior of Shantung have been ordered, probably by the Tientsin consuls, to leave immediately, going south to Hankau and Shanghai rather than to Tientsin, which is surrounded by Boxers. Does that mean that the thousands of Christians in that province are to be slaughtered like sheep?

June 14.—Last night at seven o'clock I went down to have prayers with one roomful of women refugees. The faith and courage of these Christians who have lost their all is very touching. Before this woman had finished her prayer, some one came in from outside and whispered in my ear, "The Boxers are coming." The court was already alive with our Chinese men preparing their spears and other weapons of defense. The women kept very calm. I told them to get their things in order, but not to start for the church until they had a definite call. I gathered up my things rather rapidly, for the yard was full of smoke from the little Methodist chapel on the great street, a few rods away, but not directly connected with our compound. As soon as I had packed my things into the church I hurried again to the other end of the compound, meeting the women on their way into the church, and helping

[1] This diary will be published in three sections in successive issues of The Outlook. Copyright, 1900, by Luella Miner.

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some who had not started yet to carry their babies and bundles. Soon they were gathered quietly in the Sunday-school room of the church. A hundred and seventeen school-girls and the foreign women and children gathered in the body of the church. The Boxers burned the street chapel, then started up the narrow, crooked alley which leads to this place. Before they fairly got into this alley the marines had charged on them. The foreign soldiers on Legation Street fired on them also, and the Boxers and the crowd behind, who were following to watch the fun, fled precipitately. These bullet-proof Boxers don't seem to like the smell of foreign powder! It was not a large band of Boxers, some say not more than thirty or forty men. Soon after they left here flames started up in the London Mission compound, not far away, and it was not long before fires were seen in five parts of the city. Later other missions were burned. The foreign houses in mission compounds were not all burned last night. Some were reserved to be looted, and have been burned to-day. We sat upstairs here, and watched the red light hanging over our beloved American Board compound, and the big blaze from the Catholic cathedral in the same vicinity. Probably this place is the only Protestant mission property left in Peking.

We have not heard of any extensive slaughter of Christians in the city, though they have scattered, and some more have taken refuge here. The general disorder has now affected the whole city; the Boxers, and those who pretend to be Boxers, do not confine their attention to Christians, but kill and pillage whom they please. Many shops are closing their doors for fear of being pillaged, and it is almost impossible to make purchases.

The soldiers and all others in the compound who have arms were up all night last night, fearing another attack. They have been on guard almost all day to-day too, though it is now after four and the Boxers have not appeared upon the scene. To-night will be another anxious night, when there will be need of the utmost vigilance. To-morrow we hope the large company of foreign soldiers under Captain McCalla will arrive, when all immediate anxiety will be removed. Captain McCalla wrote at 4 P.M. yesterday from a place thirty or forty miles from here, saying that they had repaired the railroad to that point, and were eagerly pressing on to Peking.

June 15.—About ten o'clock the most horrible noise began in the southern city, just on the opposite side of the city wall. It was a horde of Boxers going through their rites, burning incense, crying, "Kill the foreign devils! Kill the secondary foreign devils! [Christians.] Kill! Kill! Kill!" They called other things, but I could only distinguish the "kill." There may have been from twenty to fifty thousand voices, not all Boxers, swelling that mad tumult. After two or three hours the noise suddenly ceased. The Boxers in their indiscriminate pillaging had looted a Mohammedan bank. The Mohammedans gathered a band of three hundred, pursued them, and got back their money, after which the mob dispersed.

Our lines of defense have been extended to include all of the streets bordering on this mission property—three or four streets and alleys being under martial law—and all passers-by are challenged. The same conditions prevail on Legation Street—stray Boxers are captured and passers-by challenged. The missionaries and Chinese who have weapons all help on guard duty. There are barbed-wire barricades at the end of each street.

I wrote yesterday of the difficulty of buying provisions. This morning four of the missionaries took their guns and, accompanied by Chinese to do the buying, started out to the shops, and came back with everything they tried to get. Of course they paid the shopkeepers, though they did have to take out their pistols before business opened up very briskly.

Now, in the compound and adjoining streets we have barricade within barricade of barbed wire or brick, all the walls and some small buildings having been torn up to get brick. This is said to be the best-fortified place in the city now, thanks to the free labor of our numerous refugees, and if we had a Gatling or machine gun we would feel quite safe. We do not fear an attack from Boxers or a mob unless they succeed in setting the buildings on fire. The danger is that the anti-foreign General Tung will come against us with his well-armed troops.

Yesterday and to-day refugees from the

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city have been pouring in, and some of them are living in a tent. We have now about seven hundred Chinese Christians with us. Some of the tales to which we have listened these days are heartrending.

I could write several sheets in praise of Minister Conger and Mr. Squires, the First Secretary of Legation. They have taken the lead in measures for bringing in foreign troops, and have given us nearly half of the small American guard, leaving the American Legation the most poorly protected of any in the city.

Extract from Tientsin letter dated June 12: "There was a meeting of Consuls and officers last Saturday evening. The Russian officer did not want to start for Peking yet, and each was afraid to take the lead. At last Captain McCalla said: 'Gentlemen, my Minister says he is in danger, and I am going to Peking. Any one who wants to go along can go.' He was on the top of the coal-car of the first train, with his gun (four hundred shells a minute) mounted before him. A flat car was loaded with seven big guns. The British Commander was refused the train, but he told his men to clear the station, and the points of the bayonets scattered the natives." We are talking of making Captain McCalla Military Governor of Peking!

Evening.—This forenoon ten Americans and twenty Russians went to the south cathedral, where the Boxers were looting, burning, and killing, killed seventy Boxers, captured ten, and took Catholic refugees to a place near the British Legation. In the afternoon twenty-five Germans and an equal number of French went to the same place, with much the same result, though not quite so many Boxers were killed, I think.

Mr. Tewksbury, Dr. Ingram, Mr. Ewing, and Dr. Inglis just went to the city gate near us, closed it, and brought the key here with them. The official in charge of the gate will be obliged to come here in the morning to get the key before the gate can be opened.

How is this for young America?

June 16.—Another great fire between this city gate and the next one west, in the southern city, has got beyond the control of the Boxers, and has been burning for hours. A large company of soldiers came in at the gate this morning, and camped quite near us on the north, in a large open space. A company of soldiers from this camp came up toward our barricade on the street north of us when we were in the noon prayer-meeting to-day. The word came, and all of the gentlemen hastily left; most of the ladies stayed and had a brief meeting; then word came that we had better get into the chapel. We didn't all of us really get there to stay, though, for the Chinese soldiers who were hidden behind a wall retreated when challenged.

June 18.—Yesterday being Sunday, I did not write much on my journal. I am now sitting "on guard" on a veranda in the girls' compound, where I spend the time from 8 to 10 A.M. and from 12 to 2 P.M. We ladies have four posts where some one stays constantly on guard, who is responsible for giving warning and getting the women and children into the church in case of attack. Up to this time we have had no night alarm, and have gathered the refugees into the church only twice. I am so thankful for every night when I can sleep outside the church, even though I do sleep with all my clothes on, and with my tooth-brush, comb, and a few other necessities of life close beside me ready to be grabbed! Dr. A. H. Smith says he wishes that he had two tooth-brushes—one to keep in the church, the other to leave in the house to be looted!

We have now spent ten full days in this place, and may be obliged to spend many more, for we can get no word from our foreign troops who left Tientsin a week ago yesterday. Since the trouble broke out in the city we have sent three messengers, offering a high reward if they should get through to Captain McCalla and inform him of our peril, but they have all returned reporting that it was impossible to get through the hordes of Boxers between us and our army.

Since the raiding and burning of foreign buildings and those connected with Christians began on the night of June 13—when most of the large mission compounds were destroyed—the work has gone on, smaller places being hunted out. It is reported that fifty places have been destroyed, not including private homes of Christians. Even the foreign cemeteries have been wrecked. Absolutely the only foreign places left in this great city are this place, the largest Catholic cathedral,

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where there are two thousand Catholics guarded by French marines, and the legations, foreign stores, etc., on or near Legation Street.

It seems a miracle that no serious attack has been made on this place yet. Some refugees coming in, who have overheard much conversation among Boxers, say that the report is that the Boxer god cannot come down and set up his rule in the city until these three remaining foreign places are destroyed, and that they cannot be destroyed until large numbers of Boxers are rallied from the surrounding country. So next Saturday is the day set for our destruction. They say that a most wonderful being came over from America and sits on the church roof here, and so it will take tens of thousands of Boxers to overcome us. The outward fact which corresponds to this rumor is the stationing of sentries on the church roof, over which floats a large American flag.

Still refugees come in. I have not the exact number, but think there must be not less than seven hundred Chinese with us. The wife and child of our convert Li-Pen-Yuan have been found at last. When wandering in the city that terrible night, she met several who took pity on her, but did not dare to harbor her long. Once she was surrounded by an angry crowd, and thought her end was near, but some one said, "Oh, let her go for the child's sake;" another said, "Let's keep a little virtue yet," and she was allowed to escape.

It will give you some idea of the magnitude of the task we are attempting, to tell you that the area we are defending at the Methodist Mission, including barricaded streets and alleys, comprises about thirty acres, a tract more than a quarter of a mile long. Not including the University building, which is slightly separated from the other Methodist property, and occupied only by men, we have about forty sentinels constantly at their posts, night and day. Volunteers perched on roofs and at other places swell the number in the daytime, and at the University building probably about twenty-five more are on watch all the time. In addition, we have the twenty American marines, several of whom are on guard duty all the time at the most important posts. The work of fortifying still goes on. Our Chinese pastors and helpers, some of whom have done no manual labor for years, are working like beavers digging trenches and building walls, then perhaps staying up half the night on guard duty.

Last night several members of the Foreign Office (Tsungli-Yamen) went directly from the Palace to Minister Conger and assured him that they would protect us, requesting that the foreign troops stay outside the city. Minister Conger replied that they had heard enough of such stuff—that now we were going to protect ourselves! The Foreign Office assured him that there would be no forcible resistance to the entrance of foreign troops, and promised to take our Ministers' messages directly to the Palace. That they are thoroughly scared now there can be no doubt; whether they can control Tung-Fu-Hsiang and his troops remains to be seen. The old lady, now that she sees the foreign troops are sure to come, wants to try to make peace and keep her power.

June 19.—We are more effectively cut off from the world than ever, for no couriers can now be found to carry mail to Tientsin for the Imperial post-office. We have been surprised that they have succeeded in keeping up the service so long. We hope that in two or three days communication will be open again. We hear that vast numbers of Boxers attacked the railroad station in Tientsin and were repulsed with great slaughter. It is rumored that the relief army is now only ten or fifteen miles from us, but we cannot be sure.

Placards are being distributed everywhere in the city commanding that this place and Legation Street be destroyed to-day. Word to the same effect has also been brought in by some of our Christian Chinese who are staying outside. It is said that the Chinese general Tung-Fu-Hsiang has told the Boxers that if they do not wipe out these remaining foreign places soon, he will take his soldiers off and not help them any more. Another fire has been started near us in the southern city, and five fires can be seen in the western part of this city, far away from us. Another effort has been made to-day to communicate with the rescue party.

June 21.—Another day with nothing written in my journal, not because there was nothing to write, but because there was too much. And now we are all in

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the British Legation. As I write, sitting on the church steps, an occasional bullet whizzes high through the air. Night before last came a startling letter from Minister Conger. The Chinese Government had sent all the Ministers their passports, and given all foreigners twenty-four hours to leave Peking! To some it appeared that this was a plot to get all foreigners out of their strongholds in Peking, and try to kill them on the way to Tientsin. Still, the plan of the Ministers seemed to be to leave if the Chinese Government would provide means of transportation and a good (?) Chinese guard. Of course all the foreign soldiers in Peking would also go as an escort to the party, and any foreigner left would be at the mercy of the mob. If we left with the other foreigners, we could take none, or very few, of our Chinese with us, and the eight hundred whom we had gathered about us could only sit in their seats and await death, or go out on the streets and take the chances of a few getting to places of safety. Can you imagine the agony of the hours when this uncertainty hung over us? The Foreign Ministers had requested an interview with the Foreign Office and the Princes of the Empire at nine yesterday morning, but the decision to leave had already been made at a meeting of the Foreign Ministers. I was on guard in the girls' school court from eight to ten, and at ten Dr. Ament sent word to me to come across the street at once and pack a hand-bag to go to the American Legation. When I got across, I saw that many of the people had their baggage packed ready to go. I opened my trunk, made a hurried selection of a few things to add to those in my telescope, then started for the farther end of the compound to bid our beloved Chinese what I supposed was a last farewell. Just then I heard that our Chinese also were to be taken to a place near the British Legation, where they would be protected, at least for the present. It seemed as if a great mountain had been lifted from my heart.

Soon I learned the reason for this sudden abandonment of our compound and the taking of our Chinese with us. About nine o'clock the German Minister had been killed by a soldier on his way to the Foreign Office, and his interpreter, severely wounded also, had been carried to the Methodist Mission. This treachery seemed to open the eyes of the other Ministers to the situation, and no one wanted to trust the Government to provide safe conduct to Tientsin. So the problem was how to protect the lives of the foreigners in Peking until the relief army could arrive. We Americans went first to the American Legation, where the wife of the Secretary kindly gave us an impromptu lunch. Then we gathered up our few remaining possessions and made our way to the British Legation. All the rest of the day we watched people streaming in from the other Legations and all foreign establishments on Legation Street, until the compound was a veritable Babel, seventeen nationalities being represented. Greek and Roman Catholic priests, French and Chinese nuns, soldiers in their uniforms, made a unique scene.

Over seventy of us American missionaries live, eat, and sleep in the little church at the British Legation, though a few of the ladies sleep in Lady Macdonald's ballroom, two or three in the billiard-room, and some of the men outdoors. In the church we all sleep on the floor or on the church seats. There are thirty-five in our Congregational crowd, about twenty Methodists, and sixteen Presbyterians. We eat by denominations, but there is only one tiny stove to cook over, so we cannot cook much. If we are besieged long, we shall have to go on short rations. In fact, we are now leaving most of the canned meats for the men, who are doing hard work outside, watching and fortifying.

I fear there will be much sickness. There was an attack on the Austrian Legation, not far away, while we were working there, and the women and children and men who were too tired to be working all knelt and prayed as they heard the bullets whizzing through the air. It was our first taste of war. China had begun her mad war against the world. The attack was repulsed, and soon came word that we must go back to the British Legation, as it might be unsafe later. We had not been back long when shots began to fly fast on the wide street between the two places, and the firing lasted into the night. The children in the crowded church, where we were sleeping, were disturbed

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by the tumult, and set up a noise of their own, so there was not much sleep for us that night. Just as we were lying down we heard that Professor Huberty James had been shot by Chinese soldiers when returning from the opposite side of the street. One French soldier and one Russian have been killed to-day.

June 23.—The premises pre-empted by our Chinese refugees occupy the northern half of a large block. Across the street, on the northeast, is the Austrian Legation, and the rest of the eastern and southern sides is protected by the French and Japanese Legations. Night before last the Austrians abandoned their Legation, and we feared that the others might give way at any time. There were many tearful eyes until we heard that the Japanese were still on guard, and would probably hold it through the night. There was heavy firing that night, both on this place and on the other Legations near the refuge, so that many spent bullets dropped among our Chinese Christians. We heard that at one time they were all praying, a perfect chorus of prayer, like that which we heard during our revival meetings. The hard thing is that we cannot go across to comfort them. The street is too exposed, and of course we are under military rule now, and are obliged to mind. The firing on this Legation did not continue through the entire night. Later we heard, to our joy, that Sir Claude had decided to take possession of these premises and hold them to the end if possible, as it would be very difficult to hold this Legation with our enemy intrenched behind the stone wall opposite.

There was some firing all through the day yesterday, but our soldiers are only on the defensive and do not waste their ammunition when unnecessary. The American, French, German, Russian, and Japanese Legations are still guarded.

We ladies were busy all day yesterday making sand-bags for fortifications. We worked on all kinds of material, from dirty old hemp bags to elegant curtains torn down from the Legations. It seems as if all Peking were burning up to-day—fires not far away on three sides of us. They have just extinguished one close outside the compound on the north side which was intended to burn us out. There was a still more serious one yesterday afternoon, and it was with great difficulty that the nearest house on the west side of the compound was saved. If the place had not been swarming with people, including many of our Christian Chinese who were here working on fortifications, this whole place might have gone. Now we are tearing out buildings on all sides, and if the Boxers will kindly set one or two more fires in places where we can keep them under control, we will soon have an effective fire-guard around us, and many of the lurking-places for Boxers will be destroyed. One British soldier was killed during the attack yesterday. He exposed himself needlessly on the top of a wall. No Americans have been injured yet, but a shot hit a mirror in the knapsack of one of the marines this morning, glanced off, and severely wounded a German standing beside him. Several Europeans have been killed. It is said that about four hundred Boxers and soldiers were killed in the attack on this Legation yesterday, and about the same number by American and Russian marines who went to clear out the Boxers who had swarmed into the abandoned Dutch Legation. Some were killed also at other Legations. They do not make regular attacks on us; it is a sort of guerrilla warfare. When our one-pound gun goes off, it seems quite lively, but we are getting hardened to ordinary shooting and the occasional falling of twigs cut from trees by bullets. As long as they fly so high we are perfectly safe in our sheltered situations. If they had cannon throwing shell among us, we should not be quite so peaceful. It is reported that the soldiers under control of Prince Ching are fighting the Boxers, and that those under Tung-Fu-Hsiang are fighting us. Isn't this a country divided against itself?

We have heard from Tungchau two or three times during the past week, and each messenger brings tidings of the slaughter of some new martyr to the faith. Yesterday we heard that one of our deacons had been killed by the Boxers, and his wife and two dear little girls, one of them a student in the Bridgman School, jumped into the river—probably because pursued by Boxers.

June 25.—We have passed two more nights since I wrote last. It has seemed so strange that we hear nothing from the

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relief party. All efforts to get messengers to go have failed, though a reward of several hundred dollars has been offered for days. Early yesterday morning our student who has consumption, Chin-Fang, went and got the letter which Sir Robert Hart had written, sewed it into the lining of his shoe, and started off without letting any of his friends know it, fearing that we would prevent his going. It means almost certain death for him, for, even if he escapes the Boxers and soldiers, he cannot stand the fatigue and exposure of such a journey. He cares nothing for the reward; it is a giving up of his life to try to save the thousands here in the city whose lives depend upon relief.

Yesterday morning an attack was made by soldiers upon the Chinese refuge opposite. In their firing into the compound two Methodist helpers were killed and one of ours received a slight flesh wound. A Catholic woman was also slightly wounded. One of the large wooden gateways was burned, but a barricade had been built within, so that they did not get inside before reinforcements were sent from this side, and our soldiers drove them off. But for a time it seemed as if the refuge was lost, and Sir Claude sent orders to bring them over to several courts of Chinese buildings between this and the Russian Legation, immediately joining these premises. I stood at the gate and helped to receive and direct the vast throng who hurried over—all of them calm, though tears were rolling down a few faces. Before we had got them fairly into their new shelter I saw smoke rising from the back of the British Legation, and a moment later we heard the fire-alarm bell. The Boxers had actually succeeded in setting fire to one of our gateways. The fire was prevented from spreading anywhere else in the compound, but it burned a great many other buildings, spreading almost to the new place where our Chinese had taken refuge. The smoke was suffocating, and the crackling of flames could be heard. There was nothing to do but to take the Chinese back to the refuge across the street, which was all quiet again. The poor things are driven from pillar to post, hungry and thirsty; yet they take it all so patiently, and hourly thank God for fresh deliverances. The fire finally went out, leaving us much more effectually fire-guarded than before. There was only this one serious fire yesterday, three the day before. At the same time with the fire the most vigorous attack which we have had was made, and in a sortie to drive the enemy back an English captain, the popular Halliday, was severely wounded. They captured some Mauser rifles, ammunition, and spears.

Our Americans are doing some fine fighting, holding their Legation, assisted by the Russians and Germans, whose Legations are close by. These Legations have not yet been abandoned, and some of the others which were abandoned were reoccupied the same day. The Chinese have cannon mounted on the wall at the "Chien-Men," the central of the three gates between the northern and southern cities. The American Legation is near the wall between this gate and the Ha-Ta-Men, which is close by the Methodist Mission. Yesterday morning our marines succeeded in mounting a rapid-firing gun (a Colt's automatic) on the wall back of the American Legation, and made an attempt to capture the cannon, but were driven back, one American being killed. Last night a party of thirty, including some Germans and Russians, advanced again on the wall, then made a feint of retreating, and, when the Chinese rushed out of cover in pursuit, mowed them down with the rapid-firing gun, then advanced again. They had seventy of our Chinese Christians with them, who worked a few hundred yards from the gate all night on a barricade, and they are holding their position on the wall, though up to this time we have not heard of the capture of the cannon. Our American soldiers receive high praise from every one, and the British are also fine men.

We are making sand-bags literally by thousands—perhaps we are in the ten thousands by this time—and our Chinese fill them with dirt dug up in the yard. When made, they are about two and a half feet long and a foot and a half wide. They make most effective barricades, as no rifle-ball has gone clear through one lengthwise yet. They are piled up in all exposed places, for example in the windows in the upper stories of some of the houses and on the verandas. When the compound gate was burned down, I think nearly every one was out either fighting fire or filling sand-bags. It was a most

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democratic assembly. For instance, the wife of the American Minister and a Russian priest were digging dirt and filling a bag together!

We were all too busy yesterday to have any kind of a service until darkness fell; then some who were not on guard gathered on the side of the chapel, where we were sheltered from bullets, sang a long time, then repeated Bible verses and a psalm, had two or three prayers, then sang again. A few of the British marines joined us.

Each day one or two verses are written and posted on the church door. To-day one of the verses was, "I shall not die, but live and declare the work of the Lord."

June 26.—We had no fire to fight yesterday, but both here and at the American Legation there was fighting most of the day, and sharp attacks were made at midnight, in which an American sergeant was killed. Since the fighting began, last Wednesday at 4 P.M., I think eleven foreigners have been killed, and there are about eighteen wounded in the hospital.

Yesterday afternoon, after several hours of firing, all under the cover of buildings or barricades, a white flag was run up by the Chinese soldiers north of us, close by the wall of the Imperial City. Then the message was sent that there was an Imperial edict commanding the soldiers to stop shooting and setting fires and to protect the Foreign Ministers. The edict would be sent to us later. Few of us were taken in by this subterfuge, though some thought there really might be a genuine edict forthcoming, occasioned by the possible nearness of the relief army. The Government would be quite capable of laying down arms in such an event, and pretending that it was only the mob which had been fighting the foreigners. No copy of an edict was sent us later, and when the Chinese soldiers made attacks at midnight on this place—the American Legation and the refuge—they were the only surprised ones, for extra precautions were taken last night to guard against attack. The Chinese refuge had quite a narrow escape. The Boxers had four ladders planted against the north wall and a rude fortification when the Japanese marines and our Chinese who were on guard discovered them and drove them away, capturing their ladders.

Some horses which were turned into the street between our barricades have been shot, and consequently we have a new delicacy added to our bill of fare. We call it "French roast beef." This morning it was prepared in the form of curry to eat with our rice. After eating our cornmeal mush there was a break in the meal, and when some one asked Miss Haven, who was helping to wait on the table, what was the reason for the delay, she patly replied, "The horse has not been curried yet." I started out this morning to eat my rice without anything to help it down, then I remembered how faint I got between meals yesterday, and made an attempt at the "French beef." I managed to gulp down a few mouthfuls; then the lady who was sitting beside me began to get seasick, and it was too much for me. I ate the rest of my rice clear. My reason tells me that horse-meat is cleaner than pork, but it must be confessed that the Anglo-Saxon stomach is prejudiced against that noble animal. We still have a good many stores on hand, but as we have no idea how much longer we must stand this siege, nor how many more foreign soldiers may come to be fed, we are obliged to be economical. Large supplies of rice and grain have been found in deserted Chinese shops, and brought in to feed the foreigners and Chinese.

June 27.—A very noisy attack was made on us late in the night, but it is thought that the number of the soldiers attacking us was not as great as the night before. It sounded so near that I got up and pulled one shoe on, then lay down again. I don't know how it would feel to take off my clothes and sleep in a civilized bed.

Eighteen of our brave marines and some other soldiers held our position on the city wall for forty-eight sleepless hours without being relieved. Last night, under cover of darkness, a barricade was built from the American Legation across the street below the city wall, so that soldiers can now pass back and forth without great danger. Before, this street was swept by a cannon. Minister Conger felt quite encouraged this morning over the situation at the Legation. The marines say that the Chinese soldiers aim uncomfortably well. To-day a British marine just stuck his head over the barricade on the wall and was killed instantly. A shell

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fell into the midst of our American marines which would have killed at least seven or eight if it had exploded, but it fell to earth harmless except for wounding a man slightly in its downward flight.

Evening.—We have had this afternoon about the liveliest firing of any time yet, and they are still at it, though the force is abating a little. At one time this afternoon we heard a long bugle-blast, and all the civilians rushed for their guns—for this was the signal for all armed men to be on hand to repel an attack. They soon came back, however, with as many cartridges in their belts as when they went out, for their services were finally not needed. The Chinese who are firing on us are hidden in houses and behind walls which they have loopholed, so our soldiers are not killing off very many these days. The Japanese and Italians are doing good work defending our Chinese refuge. To-day they let the Boxers make a hole in the wall of an outer court, and after sixteen had come in shot them all down.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Up from Slavery: An Autobiography[1]

By Booker T. Washington

Chapter II.—Boyhood Days

AFTER the coming of freedom there were two points upon which practically all the people on our place were agreed, and I find that this was generally true throughout the South: that they must change their names, and that they must leave the old plantation for at least a few days or weeks in order that they might really feel sure that they were free.

In some way a feeling got among the colored people that it was far from proper for them to bear the surname of their former owners, and a great many of them took other surnames. This was one of the first signs of freedom. When they were slaves, a colored person was simply called "John" or "Susan." There was seldom occasion for more than the use of the one name. If "John" or "Susan" belonged to a white man by the name of "Hatcher," sometimes he was called "John Hatcher," or as often "Hatcher's John." But there was a feeling that "John Hatcher" or "Hatcher's John" was not the proper title by which to denote a freeman; and so in many cases "John Hatcher" was changed to "John S. Lincoln" or "John S. Sherman," the initial "S" standing for no name, it being simply a part of what the colored man proudly called his "entitles."

As I have stated, most of the colored people left the old plantation for a short while at least, so as to be sure, it seemed, that they could leave and try their freedom on to see how it felt. After they had remained away for a time, many of the older slaves, especially, returned to their old homes and made some kind of contract with their former owners by which they remained on the estate.

My mother's husband, who was the stepfather of my brother John and myself, did not belong to the same owners as did my mother. In fact, he seldom came to our plantation. I remember seeing him there perhaps once a year, that being about Christmas time. In some way, during the war, by running away and following the Federal soldiers, it seems, he found his way into the new State of West Virginia. As soon as freedom was declared, he sent for my mother to come to the Kanawha Valley, in West Virginia. At that time a journey from Virginia over the mountains to West Virginia was rather a tedious and in some cases a painful undertaking. What little clothing and few household goods we had were placed in a cart, but the children walked the greater portion of the distance, which was several hundred miles.

I do not think any of us ever had been very far from the plantation, and the taking of a long journey into another State was quite an event. The parting from our former owners and the members of our own race on the plantation was a serious occasion. From the time of our parting till their death we kept up a correspondence with the older members of

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the family, and in later years we have kept in touch with those who were the younger members. We were several weeks making the trip, and most of the time we slept in the open air and did our cooking over a log fire out-of-doors. One night I recall that we camped near an abandoned log cabin, and my mother decided to build a fire in that for cooking, and afterwards to make a "pallet" on the floor for our sleeping. Just as the fire had gotten well started a large black snake fully a yard and a half long dropped down the chimney and ran out on the floor. Of course we at once abandoned that cabin. Finally we reached our destination—a little town called Malden, which is about five miles from Charleston, the present capital of the State.

At that time salt-mining was the great industry in that part of West Virginia, and the little town of Malden was right in the midst of the salt-furnaces. My stepfather had already secured a job at a salt-furnace, and he had also secured a little cabin for us to live in. Our new house was no better than the one we had left on the old plantation in Virginia. In fact, in one respect it was worse. Notwithstanding the poor condition of our plantation cabin, we were at all times sure of pure air. Our new home was in the midst of a cluster of cabins crowded closely together, and as there were no sanitary regulations, the filth about the cabins was often intolerable. Some of our neighbors were colored people, and some were the poorest and most ignorant and degraded white people. It was a motley mixture. Drinking, gambling, quarrels, fights, and shockingly immoral practices were frequent. All who lived in the little town were in one way or another connected with the salt business. Though I was a mere child, my stepfather put me and my brother at work in one of the furnaces. Often I began work as early as four o'clock in the morning.

The first thing I ever learned in the way of book knowledge was while working in this salt-furnace. Each salt-packer had his barrels marked with a certain number. The number allotted to my stepfather was "18." At the close of the day's work the boss of the packers would come around and put "18" on each of our barrels, and I soon learned to recognize that figure wherever I saw it, and after a while got to the point where I could make that figure, though I knew nothing about any other figures or letters.

From the time that I can remember having any thoughts about anything, I recall that I had an intense longing to learn to read. I determined, when quite a small child, that, if I accomplished nothing else in life, I would in some way get enough education to enable me to read common books and newspapers. Soon after we got settled in some manner in our new cabin in West Virginia, I induced my mother to get hold of a book for me. How or where she got it I do not know, but in some way she procured an old copy of Webster's "blue back" spelling-book, which contained the alphabet, followed by such meaningless words as "ab," "ba," "ca," "da." I began at once to devour this book, and I think that it was the first one I ever had in my hands. I had learned from somebody that the way to begin to read was to learn the alphabet, so I tried in all the ways I could think of to learn it, all of course without a teacher, for I could find no one to teach me. At that time there was not a single member of my race anywhere near us who could read, and I was too timid to approach any of the white people. In some way, within a few weeks, I mastered the greater portion of the alphabet. In all my efforts to learn to read my mother shared fully my ambition, and sympathized with me and aided me in every way that she could. Though she was totally ignorant, so far as mere book knowledge was concerned, she had high ambitions for her children, and a great fund of good, hard, common sense which seemed to enable her to meet and master every situation. If I have done anything in life worth attention, I feel sure that I inherited the disposition from my mother.

In the midst of my struggles and longing for an education, a young colored boy who had learned to read in the State of Ohio came to Malden. As soon as the colored people found out that he could read, a newspaper was secured, and at the close of nearly every day's work this young man would be surrounded by a group of men and women who were anxious to hear him read the news contained in the papers. How I used to envy this man! He

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seemed to me to be the one young man in all the world who ought to be satisfied with his attainments.

About this time the question of having some kind of a school opened for the colored children in the village began to be discussed by members of the race. As it would be the first school for negro children that had ever been opened in that part of Virginia, it was, of course, to be a great event, and the discussion excited the widest interest. The most perplexing question was where to find a teacher. The young man from Ohio who had learned to read the papers was considered, but his age was against him. In the midst of the discussion about a teacher, another young colored man from Ohio, who had been a soldier, in some way found his way into town. It was soon learned that he possessed considerable education, and he was engaged by the colored people to teach their first school. As yet no free schools had been started for colored people in that section, hence each family agreed to pay a certain amount per month, with the understanding that the teacher was to "board 'round"—that is, spend a day with each family. This was not bad for the teacher, for each family tried to provide the very best on the day the teacher was to be its guest. I recall that I looked forward with an anxious appetite to the "teacher's day" at our little cabin.

This experience of a whole race beginning to go to school for the first time presents one of the most interesting studies that has ever occurred in connection with the development of any race. Few people who were not right in the midst of the scenes can form any exact idea of the intense desire which the people of my race showed for an education. As I have stated, it was a whole race trying to go to school. Few were too young, and none too old, to make the attempt to learn. As fast as any kind of teachers could be secured, not only were day-schools filled, but night-schools as well. The great ambition of the older people was to try to learn to read the Bible before they died. With this end in view, men and women who were fifty or seventy-five years old would often be found in the night-school. Sunday-schools were formed soon after freedom, but the principal book studied in the Sunday-school was the spelling-book. Day-school, night-school, Sunday-school, were always crowded, and often many had to be turned away for want of room.

The opening of the school in the Kanawha Valley, however, brought to me one of the keenest disappointments that I ever experienced. I had been working in a salt-furnace for several months, and my stepfather had discovered that I had a financial value, and so, when the school opened, he decided that he could not spare me from my work. This decision seemed to cloud my every ambition. The disappointment was made all the more severe by reason of the fact that my place of work was where I could see the happy children passing to and from school, mornings and afternoons. Despite this disappointment, however, I determined that I would learn something, anyway. I applied myself with greater earnestness than ever to the mastering of what was in the "blue-back" speller.

My mother sympathized with me in my disappointment, and sought to comfort me in all the ways she could, and to help me find a way to learn. After a while I succeeded in making arrangements with the teacher to give me some lessons at night, after the day's work was done. These night lessons were so welcome that I think I learned more at night than the other children did during the day. My own experiences in the night-school gave me faith in the night-school idea, with which in after years I had to do both at Hampton and Tuskegee. But my boyish heart was still set upon going to the day-school, and I let no opportunity slip to push my case. Finally I won, and was permitted to go to the school in the day for a few months, with the understanding that I was to rise early in the morning and work in the furnace till nine o'clock, and return immediately after school closed in the afternoon for at least two more hours of work.

The school-house was some distance from the furnace, and as I had to work till nine o'clock, and the school opened at nine, I found myself in a difficulty. School would always be begun before I reached it, and sometimes my class had recited. To get around this difficulty I yielded to a temptation for which most people, I suppose, will condemn me, but since it is

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a fact I might as well state it. I have great faith in the power and influence of facts. It is seldom that anything is permanently gained by holding back a fact. There was a large clock in a little office in the furnace. This clock, of course, all the hundred or more workmen depended upon to regulate their hours of beginning and ending the day's work. I got the idea that the way for me to reach school on time was to move the clock hands from half-past eight up to the nine o'clock mark. This I found myself doing morning after morning, till the furnace "boss" discovered that something was wrong, and locked the clock in a case. I did not mean to inconvenience anybody. I simply meant to reach that school-house in time.

When, however, I found myself at the school for the first time, I also found myself confronted with two other difficulties. In the first place, I found that all of the other children wore hats or caps on their heads, and I had neither hat nor cap. In fact, I do not remember that up to the time of going to school I had ever worn any kind of covering upon my head, nor do I recall that either I or anybody else had even thought anything about the need of covering for my head. But, of course, when I saw how all the other boys were dressed, I began to feel quite uncomfortable. As usual, I put the case before my mother, and she explained to me that she had no money with which to buy a "store hat," which was a rather new institution at that time among the members of my race and was considered quite the thing for young and old to own, but that she would find a way to help me out of the difficulty. She accordingly got two pieces of "homespun" (jeans) and sewed them together, and I was soon the proud possessor of my first cap.

The lesson that my mother taught me in this has always remained with me, and I have tried as best I could to teach it to others. I have always felt proud, whenever I think of the incident, that my mother had strength of character enough not to be led into the temptation of seeming to be that which she was not—of trying to impress my schoolmates and others with the fact that she was able to buy me a "store hat" when she was not. I have always felt proud that she refused to go into debt for that which she did not have the money to pay for. Since that time I have owned many kinds of caps and hats, but never one of which I have felt so proud as of the cap made of the two pieces of cloth sewed together by my mother. I have noted the fact, but without satisfaction, I need not add, that several of the boys who began their careers with "store hats" and who were my schoolmates and used to join in the sport that was made of me because I had only a "homespun" cap, have ended their careers in the penitentiary, while others are not able now to buy any kind of hat.

My second difficulty was with regard to my name, or rather *a* name. From the time when I could remember anything, I had been called simply "Booker." Before going to school it had never occurred to me that it was needful or appropriate to have an additional name. When I heard the school-roll called, I noticed that all of the children had at least two names, and some of them indulged in what seemed to me the extravagance of having three. I was in deep perplexity, because I knew that the teacher would demand of me at least two names, and I had only one. By the time the occasion came for the enrolling of my name, an idea occurred to me which I thought would make me equal to the situation; and so, when the teacher asked me what my full name was, I calmly told him "Booker Washington," as if I had been called by that name all my life; and by that name I have since been known. Later in my life I found that my mother had given me the name of "Booker Taliaferro" soon after I was born, but in some way that part of my name seemed to disappear and for a long while was forgotten, but as soon as I found out about it I revived it, and made my full name "Booker Taliaferro Washington." I think there are not many men in our country who have had the privilege of naming themselves in the way that I have.

More than once I have tried to picture myself in the position of a boy or man with an honored and distinguished ancestry which I could trace back through a period of hundreds of years, and who had not only inherited a name, but fortune and a proud family homestead; and yet I have sometimes had the feeling that if I had inherited these, and had been a mem-

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ber of a more popular race, I should have been inclined to yield to the temptation of depending upon my ancestry and my color to do that for me which I should do for myself. Years ago I resolved that because I had no ancestry myself I would leave a record of which my children would be proud, and which might encourage them to still higher effort.

The world should not pass judgment upon the negro, and especially the negro youth, too quickly or too harshly. The negro boy has obstacles, discouragements, and temptations to battle with that are little known to those not situated as he is. When a white boy undertakes a task, it is taken for granted that he will succeed. On the other hand, people are usually surprised if the negro boy does not fail. In a word, the negro youth starts out with the presumption against him.

The influence of ancestry, however, is important in helping forward any individual or race, if too much reliance is not placed upon it. Those who constantly direct attention to the negro youth's moral weaknesses, and compare his advancement with that of white youths, do not consider the influence of the memories which cling about the old family homesteads. I have no idea, as I have stated elsewhere, who my grandmother was. I have or have had uncles and aunts and cousins, but I have no knowledge as to where most of them are. My case will illustrate that of hundreds of thousands of black people in every part of our country. The very fact that the white boy is conscious that, if he fails in life, he will disgrace the whole family record, extending back through many generations, is of tremendous value in helping him to resist temptations. The fact that the individual has behind and surrounding him proud family history and connection serves as a stimulus to help him to overcome obstacles when striving for success.

The time that I was permitted to attend school during the day was short, and my attendance was irregular. It was not long before I had to stop attending day-school altogether, and devote all of my time again to work. I resorted to the night-school again. In fact, the greater part of the education I secured in my boyhood was gathered through the night-school after my day's work was done. I had difficulty often in securing a satisfactory teacher. Sometimes, after I had secured some one to teach me at night, I would find, much to my disappointment, that the teacher knew but little more than I did. Often I would have to walk several miles at night in order to recite my night-school lessons. There was never a time in my youth, no matter how dark and discouraging the days might be, when one resolve did not continually remain with me, and that was a determination to secure an education at any cost.

Soon after we moved to West Virginia, my mother adopted into our family, notwithstanding our poverty, an orphan boy to whom afterwards we gave the name of James B. Washington. He has ever since remained a member of the family.

After I had worked in the salt-furnace for some time, work was secured for me in a coal-mine which was operated mainly for the purpose of securing fuel for the salt-furnace. Work in the coal-mine I always dreaded. One reason for this was that any one who worked in a coal-mine was always unclean, at least while at work, and it was a very hard job to get one's skin clean after the day's work was over. Then it was fully a mile from the opening of the coal-mine to the face of the coal, and all, of course, was in the blackest darkness. I do not believe that one ever experiences anywhere else such darkness as he does in a coal-mine. The mine was divided into a large number of different "rooms" or departments, and, as I never was able to learn the location of all these "rooms," I many times found myself lost in the mine. To add to the horror of being lost, sometimes my light would go out, and then, if I did not happen to have a match, I would wander about in the darkness until by chance I found some one to give me a light. The work was not only hard, but it was dangerous. There was always the danger of being blown to pieces by a premature explosion of powder, or of being crushed by falling slate. Accidents from one or the other of these causes were frequently occurring, and this kept me in constant fear. Many children of the tenderest years were compelled then, as is now true, I fear, in most coal-mining districts, to spend a large part of their lives in these coal-mines, with little opportunity

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to get an education; and, what is worse, I have often noted that, as a rule, young boys who begin life in a coal-mine are often physically and mentally dwarfed. They soon lose ambition to do anything else than to continue as a coal-miner.

In those days, and later as a young man, I used to try to picture in my imagination the feelings and ambitions of a white boy with absolutely no limit placed upon his aspirations and activities. I used to envy the white boy who had no obstacles placed in the way of his becoming a Congressman, Governor, Bishop, or President by reason of the accident of his birth or race. I used to picture the way that I would act under such circumstances; how I would begin at the bottom and keep rising until I reached the highest round of success.

In later years, I confess that I do not envy the white boy as I once did. I have learned that success is to be measured not so much by the position that one has reached in life as by the obstacles which he has overcome while trying to succeed. Looked at from this standpoint, I almost reach the conclusion that often the negro boy's birth and connection with an unpopular race is an advantage, so far as real life is concerned. With few exceptions, the negro youth must work harder and must perform his tasks even better than a white youth in order to secure recognition. But out of the hard and unusual struggle through which he is compelled to pass, he gets a strength, a confidence, that one misses whose pathway is comparatively smooth by reason of birth and race.

From any point of view, I had rather be what I am, a member of the Negro race, than be able to claim membership with the most favored of any other race. I have always been made sad when I have heard members of any race claiming rights and privileges, or certain badges of distinction, on the ground simply that they were members of this or that race, regardless of their own individual worth or attainments. I have been made to feel sad for such persons because I am conscious of the fact that mere connection with what is known as a superior race will not permanently carry an individual forward unless he has individual worth, and mere connection with what is regarded as an inferior race will not finally hold an individual back if he possesses intrinsic, individual merit. Every persecuted individual and race should get much consolation out of the great human law, which is universal and eternal, that merit, no matter under what skin found, is, in the long run, recognized and rewarded. This I have said here, not to call attention to myself as an individual, but to the race to which I am proud to belong.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Indian Summer

By James Courtney Challiss

The dreamy air, braced into silent bliss
By the first frost's invigorating kiss,
Is spiced with blue wood-smoke, and redolent
Of harvest-field—a rich and lingering scent;
And drifting in the gold and purple haze
That dims the sunshine of the autumn days,
The vagrant cobwebs gleam like silver threads.
From grassy covert rabbits lift their heads
And sit erect with wide, distended eye
And quivering nostril, but to scurry by
And hide within the hedge's thorny wall
Where nervous little sparrows chirp and call.
The larks upon the rusty fence-wire trill;
"Bob White" from post-top sends his calling shrill,
While, with her half-grown brood, his mate speeds down
The road, or "whir-r-rs" off to the meadow brown;
Across the stubble-field the hawks fly low,
And curious "snake-doctors" come and go.
A restful silence fills the odorous air,
A wealth of peace and plenty everywhere,
While drowsy Nature, brooding over all,
Breathes low her rich, triumphant song of Fall.

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Max Müller: Personal Reminiscences

By Ethelbert D. Warfield

President of Lafayette College

IN the loss of Professor Friedrich Max Müller, Oxford loses one of its most distinguished scholars, and also one of its most engaging personalities. It is rare that a man attains such eminence in the field of exact scholarship and retains the grace and winsomeness of character which are the distinguishing marks of the man of letters. It was the good fortune, however, of Professor Max Müller to inherit from his father, the popular poet, Wilhelm Müller, many of his graces of mind and expression, to enjoy in his childhood and youth a relationship to the little court of Dessau which stimulated a natural gift for social intercourse, and at the same time to receive at the University of Leipsic a characteristically German training in scholarly methods of industry and research.

Professor Max Müller has given us in his volumes of reminiscences which he calls "Auld Lang Syne" delightful glimpses of his childhood and youth. We do not wonder that such surroundings produced in him those finer literary inclinations which so distinguish his writings from those of many of his German contemporaries. He loved literary form, as he loved everything which was beautiful, and I recall a tinge of bitterness in his tone when he spoke one day of his delightful little idyl "Deutsche Liebe," and said: "Some of my German friends speak slightingly of me and say I am no scholar, *because I have written a readable book.*" In every way he was fortunate in his surroundings. For when he left his German Fatherland and sought a new home in England he found that spiritual fellowship which is denied to most exiles. The friendships which he formed with the Arnolds, Kingsley, Froude, Huxley, and others of like place in letters and science made his life as bright within as it was brilliant without. But the greatest blessing which came to him from these friendships was his marriage to Miss Georgina Granville, a niece of Charles Kingsley. Those who have known the quiet charm of the home at 7 Norham Gardens know how much Mrs. Max Müller contributed to it. In the noblest sense a helpmate, she shared her husband's intellectual interests, made his social life possible by relieving him of every avoidable care, and in dispensing the most generous hospitality created a circle in which he came and went as his time and occupations permitted, enjoying its pleasures but escaping its obligations. Her broad sympathies and cheerful manner would have been a boon and a blessing in any household, but it was singularly fortunate for the young foreigner that he won so fine a type of English womanhood to make his English home delightful to guests of every nation.

It seemed as though the foreigner enjoyed an especial welcome in that home. Perhaps it was because he remembered the time when he, too, was a stranger in a strange land; remembered the loneliness of his own lot; remembered, too, and sought to return, the kindness which had been shown to him. I owed my introduction into the hospitable circle of his home to Samuel Brearley, whose too early death has left the Brearley school in New York as the only memorial of a life of rare promise. Brearley was in those days the arbiter of the fate of every American who came to Oxford, and by the irreverent English was known in secret as "Uncle Sam," but nothing could have been kinder than his generous aid to younger American students in the University.

There was something about the small and well-groomed person of the distinguished professor which rather awed me in my first visit. I recalled the respect which had been paid to his "Chips from a German Workshop" in the home of my childhood; I considered the maturer knowledge I had gained of his world-wide reputation; and I felt like a clumsy giant in the presence of an intellectual David. As quite a company gathered into the afternoon tea, I felt that the genial host rather "talked down" to his auditors, but it was very pleasant and very kindly talk for all that, and you were

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won by the patent wish to please, even if you were made to feel that you were an undergraduate.

I think it was on this occasion that I first heard him mention what was a favorite theme with him—the antiquity of the pedigree of the two dachshunds he loved to have about him. He was especially fond of one of these dogs, and delighted to say that three types of dogs were plainly distinguished on the Pyramids, and among them the type to which the highly specialized, but, to my uneducated eye, grossly deformed, dachshund belonged. But the fact that he loved dogs I counted in his favor, for what man who loves dogs has not a vein of warm humanity in him? And if the large-eyed dachshund—which Homer had surely coupled with the mother of the gods as "ox-eyed"—lacks something of the vigor of the deerhound or the companionableness of the collie, it is at least a dog, and worthy friend of man. In this, as in many another "little thing," the scholarly temper showed itself. He was always interested in "origins:" he liked to trace back everything to its beginnings. He coupled with this a seriousness that was sometimes amusing. For, after all, as there are some "questions which have no replies," there are also things which, like Melchisedec, have neither ancestry nor posterity, and it was occasionally embarrassing to be carefully cross-examined as to the origin of an Americanism or a bit of college slang in which his fine philological sense detected a deeper significance than the facts justified.

Closely akin to this seriousness was a dislike for the processes used at Oxford for "cramming" for examinations. Probably every examination system has its own method of "cram," and to those unfamiliar with them from youth, each stands forth in all its inexcusable badness. I remember the unwonted excitement of the genial Professor one summer afternoon in his pleasant garden which grew out of a reference to this matter. The special object of his indignation was the making of mnemonic lines for the purpose of memorizing irregular verbs. The discussion began with German and French and passed to Sanscrit. Said he: "The coaches who were preparing men for the examinations for the Indian service came to me, and said, 'Professor Max Müller, you don't make the examinations hard enough; you don't bring out what our men can do.' So I set a paper bristling with puzzles—a paper I could scarcely have answered myself in the time allowed for the examination—and when I came to read the papers they were all correct, perfect. I sent for the coaches, and demanded, 'How could your men do this?' and they replied by reciting a string of gibberish—rhymes with all the irregular verbs in them. I said, 'Stop! write that down, and let me read it,' and they said, 'No! that is our stock-in-trade; we make our living by teaching those verses, and they are kept secret.'" "And this," he indignantly exclaimed, "is called teaching Sanscrit!"

It was impossible not to be amused at his impetuous distaste for the procedure, no matter how heartily you joined in his condemnation of the method of teaching.

Nothing was more characteristic than his catholic interest in everything about him. He protested that he had no time for this or that, but if anything came in his way he was very sure to give some study to it, form a very definite opinion in regard to it, and send a letter to the "Times," to some German newspaper, or an article to one of the Reviews about it. He sometimes reached very high convictions in this way, as, for instance, in the position he took in the discussion of the Darwinian theory, which he sums up thus: "When Darwin maintains the transition from some highly developed animal into a human being, I say, Stop! Here the student of language has something to say, and I say that language is something that even in its most rudimentary form puts an impassable barrier between beast and man." Sometimes he suffered keenly from the antagonisms he aroused, as in his defense of Kingsley for the part he took in the Tractarian controversy, and in his defense of England's foreign policy in the German press. Always generous and hearty in his friendships, he was chivalrous in his defense of his friends. His inability to understand a more self-contained and not less scholarly mind was amusingly illustrated in an incident which occurred during a visit at his house in 1890. He inquired what he could do to make my visit pleasant, and I replied that

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my first wish was to pay my respects to my old teacher, whose lectures had brought me to Oxford, Dr. Stubbs, the sometime Regius Professor of Modern History, then Bishop of Oxford. With a merry twinkle in his eye, referring to the Bishop's well-known deficiencies in Oriental scholarship, he said: "It is always a great delight to me to take people to call upon a bishop of the great Church of England who cannot read his Bible."

That he met with wide recognition as a man and a scholar was the natural result of his ability and his temperament. He responded to every honest advance, and frankly showed the pleasure he took in every honor conferred upon him and in every distinction given. Few learned men have received so many degrees from colleges and universities, so many honors from learned societies, and so many decorations from sovereigns. At the time of his jubilee he made a record of these distinctions that was truly amazing. It was my good fortune to be able to do something toward honoring him at this time, and his letter acknowledging the degree of L.H.D. conferred on him by Lafayette College is a good example of his kindly correspondence. The matter referred to in the first sentence was a delay which had somehow occurred in the receipt of the diploma:

7 Norham Gardens, Oxford, 31 March, '94.

Dear Mr. Warfield: I have put off writing to you because I was under the impression that you had mentioned an official notification as coming to me to confirm the honor which your illustrious College has conferred on me on the occasion of my fifty years' Doctorate. I was truly gratified to receive this recognition of my labors from one of the American colleges, particularly as I felt that it was owing to your initiation that this compliment had been paid to me. Though I have many friends in America, your College is the only one that has taken any notice of my jubilee. Please to accept my best thanks for yourself, and please to convey the same to your colleagues, particularly to Professor March, and to all who have approved of your proposal.

I am always glad when I can welcome students from America in our old Oxford, and I feel particularly gratified when I hear them speak of Oxford as *their* old University. So it is and I hope it always will be.

Believe me yours very truly and gratefully,

F. MAX MÜLLER.

The Paris Exposition: Historical Aspects

By William Elliot Griffis

"'MID storms she wrestles, nor ever sinks," is our free translation of the motto of the city of Paris—"*Luctuat nec mergitur.*" With calamities frequent enough to overwhelm her again and again, Paris still keeps afloat, always going ahead. From Cæsar's time, "when Labienus left for Lutetia, the fortress of the Parisii, with four legions," until our own day, the city on the Seine has been one of the world's famous places. Hither in 1900 all roads lead.

To Paris point finger-boards of history also. Here was first raised, as early as the fifth century, that red, white, and blue flag (colors often copied by other peoples) which ushered in the new ages of the Franks, of feudalism, and of Gothic architecture; and here for centuries have been the seat and inspiration of art. Here, in the long perspective of the centuries, appear the struggles between king and nobles and the splendors of monarchy. Out of this crater issued both the volcanic destruction and the fertilizing principles of the new growth associated with the Revolution. Here glow and pale the figures of the great and the little Napoleon. To-day, as the century and the thirtieth year of the Republic end, we wonder what will come next. Here we behold a mighty people, supreme before the world in art and taste—so much so, indeed, that beside her great garden of culture and her galleries of painting every other collection of canvas, marble, or bronze seems but an annex. Verily, the French nation is great in many, perhaps in most, things, except religion and self-government. Possibly in these, too, France will yet surprise the world.

I saw Paris first in the gold and glory of the Third, even while I enjoyed the centennial celebration in honor of the First, Napoleon. I saw its gilded but monotonous architecture again after the desolation wrought by the Commune, and when the unhealed war-scars made by

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Prussian cannon were not yet covered up. Nor had Nature yet "healed and reconciled to herself by the sweet oblivion of flowers" the battlefields of 1870. In 1900, even though the whole British nation seemed to have boycotted the Exposition, I, with thousands of fellow-Americans, rejoiced in her honors paid to Paris of being still the unchallenged center of taste and art, and again the hostess, for the third time, of the nations. Whatever defects, faults, of vulnerability to criticism, there may be in the Exposition, here is the high-water mark of civilization. Glad to see again the sign of the ship afloat, I greeted in it the symbol of humanity, of the world's history.

Right in the heart of the great city and on both sides of the Seine rose the splendid edifices which were themselves the indexes of varied civilization. In the air, on the water, and under the earth were shown the varied deposit of man's thought and the results of his toil during the long life of the race on earth. The raw materials, gathered together and effectively arranged in appropriate storehouses, revealed the riches of the earth and its treasures. These show the world as man finds it. Art, architecture, literature, inventions and appliances, show the world as man has made it. The various gatherings held in the Palais des Congrès made grand interpretations of the material realities. Archæology showed us the discarded tools and inventions, the first rude attempt at man's mastery of nature, and the methods by which victory was won and results achieved. In the ruins restored for us in "staff," in the far-off temples brought under our eyes in models, we looked on the shells of the old and dead civilizations. There was really nothing new under the sun, even of sunny France, but rather in every case the clearer apprehension, the fuller expression, of the old ideas. The new fulfilled the old. I confess that the very ancient, the prehistoric triumphs of mind over matter, seem to me just as wonderful in their way as the last new product of Westinghouse, Edison, Tesla, or Marconi. The French genius never shows itself in more charming expression than when it demonstrates clearly the evolution of man's thought and labor in the triumphs of to-day, and the reduction of what were once, in the twilight of knowledge, called sorcery or miracles, to realities.

The gem of the Exposition was the bridge of Alexander III., which has no peer in all the world for beauty and glory. As one stood on it midway over the Seine one could see how the French genius flowers in art. Here are people that love beauty both for its own sake and delight also in the application of it to the common things of life. On this bridge, also, one ceases to wonder why the Pope of Rome, once sovereign ruler of the world (as known to Europeans), took or inherited (by appropriation) as his highest title Pontifex Maximus—the greatest of bridge builders. Entranced, we gazed on the glory of arch and column, of orb and pinion, of bold and splendid figures of man, bird, and beast, winged, helmed, or in the apparent glory of overflowing life. The perfection of the art almost made one forget that here were stone and steel and gold, rather than living eagle or man, a reality resting on piers and not a dream floating in air, a bow of masonry and not of prismatics.

Yet even here I could not forget the first twisters of strands for the suspension bridge, the primitive makers of arch or cantilever. In this first triumph of the art of the pontifex, one can look through a long perspective of the work of the men who made highways over gorge and river. Yet he may not forget their dangers, their toils, and their triumphs even while he reads the story of their mastery of material, for in a bridge one perceives the index of national taste and the record of character. Who can look at the bridges across the Thames and the Seine, and not discern in them sure proofs of the varying character of Briton and Gaul? In the one is a solidity as of Assyria, Egypt, or Rome, while yet lacking highest beauty. The eye of the builder was for a permanence as of æons. In the other, refined taste and a delight in harmony with appropriate surroundings are pre-eminently manifest. "'For glory and for beauty,' even if for a season," seems to have been the craving of those who spanned the Seine.

In the vastness of its details the Exhibition was confusing. In the clearness and strength of its total effect it was one of the best of teachers. It was eloquent

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in lessons which need to be learned, yes, and often impressed, and which some of us are glad in fresh forms to receive. Knowledge of history, which is the best preparation for enjoyment either of Europe or its chief cities, is in itself also a fountain of youth. It makes a young man old without feebleness. To go even a little further than the gilding, the paint, and the staff of the great show was to pluck some of the best fruits which this tree, whose root is that of all science, bears on its branches. It was as exhilarating, almost, as if one were in a Western prairie town, where things are in a perpetual boom, to hear the young men of the twentieth century sound the praises of the last new invention or appliance which they "represented." Each brand-new device bore its stamp of "patent," or "patent applied for," as if Father Time lived mostly in Washington and was to be pulled by the foremost hair of his forelock and made to talk like a drummer. I could of course easily believe that this or that last new bolt, hinge, plunger, drill, or lathe eclipsed everything else that went before it; for did not Mr. Glib Tongue say so? But, all the time, I could see only the dwarf on the giant's shoulders.

If such a collection of mind-shadows, or of materialized human thought, suggests anything, it is to illuminate the past. It tells of the labors of those who have rested, but whose works follow. Names will perish but results endure. Multitudes of minor changes and improvements are made by unknown men, and wait to be fused into unity by some "genius." Those who had visions and spoke or wrote, or who reduced their thoughts to metal or wood, left an inheritance to be gathered up by some one who should receive the glory and the reward. Often it is as when Professor Morse, who did nothing whatever electrical, gathers on his bosom the stars and medals from many sovereigns and stands forever associated with a story as long and glorious as that from amber to Marconi, from *electron* to wireless telegraphy. Whether it were a Westinghouse air-brake, or a new generator of electric power, or the model of a steamship, as of the Deutschland, that was to be the arrow shot by steam across the ocean, I could not but see behind the present phenomenon a host of toilers working in concert, of men through all the ages in the world's broad harvest-field "binding in unconscious brotherhood the self-same sheaf."

The twentieth-century man has his forward foot on a new and greater era than the world has ever seen. With torch in hand, he is eager to plant it far afront, to kindle beacons on the headlands of the once unknown. Yet he is tempted to forget the past, and doubtless he often does, though the discoverers of the first order and the real inventors are perhaps far less likely to do this than the commercial gentleman who is eager to sell. Exhibitors are very apt to think and behave very much like children born into the world to-day, who imagine that electric push-buttons, and telephones, and Empire State expresses were always here. Yet, philosophically speaking, the inventor of the wheel and the plow was as great in originality as he who gave us the telephone or the electric light.

In fact, it is impossible for an inventor to live or to die unto himself alone. In mythology and romance this may happen, but not in true history. The Exposition's wonders in war and peace, in propulsion and transportation, illustrated the old story again that no one man either invents or creates. He happily catches gleams and sees visions of what already exists. He adds another link to the chain, looks over the shoulders of the players and lights upon possibilities of improvement which he may make actualities. Though every man who has lived before him may be Greek or barbarian, yet in reality the last comer is debtor to all these. "Our civilization is largely the product of the forgotten." One of the first things which the obtainer of a patent, or the maker of money from a machine which he imagines he has invented, ought to do is to build the tombs of the forgotten prophets. He should erect a great monument in honor of the men, known and unknown, who have helped him to win. He has been made able to see because thousands of dead men have reared out of their brains a Darien peak for him to stand on, as he discovers some new ocean to which, perhaps, he would fain give his own name.

I was delighted to find in the American section of the Palais de l'Electricité a few

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manuscripts and prints which hinted at the work of Moses Farmer, who, away back in the forties, did by electric power and his own devices blow up a submarine mine, light a house, run a passenger-car many miles, and, as his own shop and home-made models at Greenacre, Maine, still show, anticipated many things since made commonplace. Yet where is the cyclopædia or reference-book that even mentions his name? What American book tells, or boy knows, of him?

The Paris Exposition is eloquent of humanity's shining host—of those who *gave something* to the world. I enjoyed greeting these even more than the exhibitors who had an eye to glory and dollars.

It is said that the difference between a gentleman and a trader—and the saying is true whether we mean parsons, lawyers, and doctors, or green-grocers and shoemakers—is that while the latter has something to sell, the former has something to give. The world's gentlemen have enriched humanity by their gifts. This truth on a larger scale is also seen in that nations, too, bestow as well as trade. I, for one, was delighted with the United States building, its idea and atmosphere. I am glad I found nothing to sell there, that everything was inviting and comfortable, open to everybody alike, with polite attendants ready to give help, comfort, and information, while seats and rooms were abundant to yield welcome, coolness, and comfort. It was every American's club-house, rich with a home feeling. There was none of the shop air or talk, or clinking of money in the drawer. Thus the world saw that the "free heart's hope and home," called by ignorant foreigners "The Land of the Almighty Dollar," had in Paris a home for its people, and put its shops elsewhere.

The United States at the Paris Exposition appeared as the gentleman among nations. Here was an index of a true evolution, of a State founded by men, and by women too, who could leave even dear old England and the comforts of Leyden in order to give and not sell something to the world and for all time.

The American house was not the only one which showed that more than one people had come to full consciousness of themselves in the family of the nations. The various national buildings expressed their history in a nutshell. "There are living and there are dying nations." There are those, also, that have a name and a reality which are quite different from each other. To discern and recognize in the various edifices not only varying traits and history, but expressions of the feeling and temper of them in this decade, was a fascinating study. One who knew Spain or Russia, Japan or China, for example, in the other world's expositions—the whole story of which, since the first in the London Crystal Palace, is not yet fifty years old—could easily do this. Turning from the United States edifice most naturally to that of Spain, its near neighbor on the Street of All Nations, fronting the Quai d'Orsay overlooking the Seine, we see a pavilion in the Renaissance style. It shows at once the pride and poverty of the quondam ruler of America and the Indies. Within, grand and gloomy, are empty rooms. The walls are lined with the tapestry, faded but inimitable, of the sixteenth century, with a few trophies of old armor and weapons, but in the main telling of glories gone, suggesting what is preterit rather than what is of promise. Near by it rises the pavilion of Peru, which in size and general impression outshines, we might say outglares, the Spanish edifice. On the other hand, Great Britain is represented by the most solid of all the foreign buildings, an exact reproduction of an old English manor-house of Jacobean time and style—one of the stately homes of mighty England. Built on a framework of steel and covered with cement, it suggests all that is fine, rich, and massive in the old, while yet furnished and fitted throughout with all the modern comforts and appliances.

In no other of the world's expositions that I can remember have the edifices been so characteristic of the people who erected them. For the most part, the shops and trading-places, which show the commercial phases of life, are placed elsewhere. The United States and Spain are not alone in their strong peculiarities. Japan, too, has resolved to put her marketplace on one site and what she stands for—as leader of the art, the taste, the progress of Asia—elsewhere. China lets the Frenchmen direct her exhibit at Paris,

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and make of her temples and palaces trading-places for tea and crockery. Spite of its hoary antiquity, China has not thus far come to national consciousness. The race has not yet reached the evolutionary stage of a nation. Japan, which thrills with newness of life, seeing herself anew in the mirror of her own history, has done more wisely. In 1876, at Philadelphia, the Dai Nippon, with a national unity then only eight years old, was known as a shop, a pleasure garden. In 1900 Japan asks, as asked her own poets a thousand years ago, for the world's admiration of her art, which is her soul. She wisely erects in Paris her model, not indeed of a Kioto temple, for Japan's genius does not lie in religion, but of a Kioto pavilion that was once gorgeous in gilt and decoration, even as its lines are now charming to the eye that has looked lovingly on its pagodas and the work of its native craftsmen at home. Nothing of the shop is here, but one sees her superb paintings of natural scenery, her marvelous inlaid armor, her severe and chastened taste in decoration—as well as the hideous and the monstrous which lurk in her traditions. Japan has her Caliban and *oni*, as well as her Kobo and her "angels"—unwinged ladies instead of the plumed females of our de based and unbiblical notions.

Wisely, too, have the northern nations, those that yet live close to the forest, Sweden, Norway, Finland, and Russia, erected their pavilions and edifices in wood, while those of the south, where the sunshine is perennial, have used stucco and staff abundantly, with open and airy verandas and porticoes. Our many-windowed northern houses seem traps to catch sunbeams, and our "living-rooms" crave more light. In the south lands, comfort means seclusion from the sun. Whether it be Hungary and Germany, whence feudalism seems loth to retire, with their lofty towers and turrets, Austria and Roumania with their edifices set lower, the Ottoman, Servian, and Roumanian pavilions with their domes, the open edifices of the African Dahomey and the Ivory Coast, which seem built merely to corral a little of all outdoors, the exquisite and richly decorated civic hall of Belgium, a model of that at Oudenarde, or the Tyrolean House, each tells its story of climate, physical environment, tradition, taste, and history.

In a survey politically, there was everything to cheer. One needed no actual or metaphorical glance from the top of an Eiffel tower to learn how the world has moved since the first universal exhibition was held in London in 1851. Then the Turk dominated southwestern Europe, and millions of Christians lay groaning under his heel. Then Russia was in the chains of diplomacy. Even France had joined hands with the Turk and "perfidious Albion" to keep her bound. China was unknown as a participator in anything social that might interest Occidentals. With millions of banners, she had no national flag. The pitiful apology for a government would not recognize any subject that once left the borders of the Middle Kingdom. China cared nothing for her own people abroad. Her interest in Western nations was a minus quantity. Japan was still a hermit, excluding the alien and so including her own people that they could escape abroad only in secret and on pain of death, while all her forts were ordered to fire on the American rescue ships returning ocean waifs to their inhospitable home. Other peoples, now free nations, lived in lands that were then mere geographical expressions, and were unrepresented. But now, behold a more social world. Relaxed is the grasp of the dying Turk, of the Spaniard, and of the mighty ecclesiastic once claiming temporal power, while even a Chinese Emperor has awakened to duty and reform.

It is positively exhilarating to the lover of human progress to find here the nations of the Balkan peninsula present in the rapture of freedom and the thrill of joyous achievement. How happy seem the Bulgarians and Roumanians, Bosnians and Herzegovinans, to show themselves and their products in the family of nations! Was it all imagination, born of "the wisdom that comes after the event," that discerned in the faces of both men and women a contagion that keeps even the Armenian hoping for like blessings? The Turk as yet will not have Armenia to be even as much as a term in geography, but to her sons the ancient name is not impersonal. It stands for a vitalizing entity. It may be that her turn will come. Even Greece seems to be recovering from that

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spasm of misdirected patriotism which prompted her to dash herself against Turkish artillery served by German officers. She spent $200,000 at Paris, and her Byzantine pavilion of teakwood, iron, and ceramics will be re-erected at Athens as a permanent museum.

Instead of the old days of mighty empires, the Turkish dominating vast areas in Europe and western Asia, the Spanish ruling so much of America, the Chinese surrounded by a fringe of nations in eastern Asia, behold now three shivering skeletons, sick men in the fear of death. This vast change has been wrought in about fifty years! Spain has shrunk into her former shell. Turkey is but a name, albeit the agony of dying may be long continued. China, like a cooling center of the nebular hypothesis, has shrunk in all her dimensions. She has lost her satellites, Korea, Manchuria, Tonking. At Paris we greet a whole cycle of new nations freed from the Turk, the Spaniard, and Manchu. We hail new giants, American, Russian, British, German, Japanese, and wonder whether they, too, are to enter and to complete, like Babylon, the cycle which Isaiah depicted in his fourteenth chapter. Even the kaleidoscope of Africa shows new changes and combinations. It is like opening a revised atlas to attend this meeting-place of nations. Here on a grand scale is shown the evolution of past politics which become present history. Russia and France are one as allies. Britain is grandly alone. Germany at last has land abroad, and a navy at sea. Japan is a world-power. The varied exhibits of Russia, Asiatic and European, of Great Britain both home and colonial, of the United States, and of Germany, show easily which are the nations leading in vastness and variety of area ruled, in numbers governed, and in material wealth; while brave little Holland shows by her own exhibits and by those of the South African republics (now engulfed, as Jonah was, but still undigested) how she, though so small, is a mother of nations. By her impressive array of temples, pavilions, and native bungalows, Netherland proves that she is second only to Great Britain as a colonizer. In that Insulinde, or India of the Islands, she governs, by her wisdom rather than physical force, thirty-three million souls of the Malay world. No part of the exhibition is more impressive than that of the Dutch East Indies.

Most wonderful of all the evolutions which the Exposition enabled us in mental vision to survey was that of man himself. Jewish legend and fairy tale, which Jesus, the greatest of the higher critics, so persistently challenged, masks the simple assertion of Scripture. The facts, so long hidden, distorted, masquerading under rabbinical and mediæval theology, are slowly but surely coming to light and line and order. For ages have we been blinded to the facts and to the right interpretation of the statement that God made man out of the dust of the earth. The first human representative, as evolved in the dogmatic consciousness, was a supernal being of incredible powers and perfections. Science has been the servant of revelation in helping us to scrape away the whitewash of scholasticism and see the simple truth. Sprung "from the dust of the earth," pathetic is the story of our ancestors' age-long education, as museums, trophies, and the reports of travelers in every land and age reveal it. In such an Exposition we trace his patient mastery of the forces of nature, his rise out of dumb brutehood into the moral consciousness that makes man, his martyrdom for the sake of knowledge, and his slow response to and advance in that training which, under his Infinite Friend, produces a Joseph Henry or a William Gladstone. I confess I took more interest in the gypsum image standing in the Sumatra House than I did in the garish figure, overdressed and overdecorated, perched on the Porte Monumental. Amid flags and streamers by day and many-colored lights by night, this symbolical female raised aloft looked to me, for all the world, like a doll inside the bits of blue and red glass stuck into the gypsum State House (with a penny candle to give the glory) of nursery days. Such a Paris, though so elevated, was to me plaster of Paris, and nothing more.

The Sumatra House is rich in Buddhistic imagery, and exquisitely carved emblems of that calm which comes from self-conquest and the extinction of all earthly passions—the goal of the Buddhist believer, as summed up in the word Nirvana. The wonderful bas-reliefs tell

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not only of that Oriental history at which the Westerner in his ignorance sneers, but also show a keen love of beauty and passionate susceptibility to the glory of form. Within stands what some of the thoughtful would call at least a suggestion of the missing link in the divine chain of evolution between earth and brain, between nerves and spirit—the Pithecanthropus Erectus. This counterfeit in gypsum of the ape-man, or man-ape, shows a smooth-skinned, or at least not a wholly hairy, creature, with something arboreal, or, in plain English, a stick, in his hand. With that scientific use of imagination commended by Professor Tyndall, the image, or rather its form, has been dictated by that fragment of skull which Dr. Du Bois found in Sumatra. As Cuvier could, without shaking the foundations of orthodoxy, tell from a bone or the fragment of a fossil to what order and even genus its owner belonged, and thus from the scrap recreate to the imagination the whole animal, so Dr. Du Bois, the comparative anatomist and discoverer, having the upper half of a skull, has shown us how its owner, one of our forbears, may or must have looked. We can even accept this as a fair portrait of an ancestor, whether of primeval garden or forest, and still be none the less children of faith. Yet it is no wonder that the elegantly dressed "Anglaises" exclaimed "Shocking!" and the gay Parisians "How ugly!" Yet, if anything is certain, it is that beauty, whether male or female, in every race is but the fruit of a long process—the consummate white flower of perduring evolution.

It is said that nowadays "men love texts, but hate sermons." The Exposition preached to me, in every one of my seven visits, "the steady gain of man."

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. The absence of comment in this department in many cases indicates that extended review will be made at a later date. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Almost as Good as a Boy. By Amanda M. Douglas. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5×7½ in. 375 pages. $1.25.

American Slave Trade (The). By John R. Spears. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8½ in. 232 pages. $2.50.

The horrors of the slave-passage, the brutality of the slave-trade, the cold-blooded villainy of traffic in flesh and blood, are here portrayed by a calm recital of facts that needs no rhetoric nor any exaggeration to heighten the effect. Mr. Spears has marshaled his facts from authentic records and official reports. His book is the first complete, popular narrative of a chapter in American commerce which we of the Northern States as well as of the section that held slaves might well wish forgotten; but the record needs to be preserved and made emphatic as a world-lesson of the ease with which individual men without heart or conscience can be found to trample on the rights of the weak when once bad laws or non-enforcement of law opens the possibility of cruelty and oppression.

Bimbi: Stories for Children. By Louise de la Ramée. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 4¾×7 in. 239 pages.

There is an unusual quaintness and charm in these children's stories, especially in "The Nürnberg Stove," which tells of a little German lad who cared so much for the great porcelain stove that was the presiding genius of the household that when it was sold he could not let it go, but gets inside and goes away with it.

Boston Boys of 1775; or, When We Besieged Boston. By James Otis. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 5½×8 in. 112 pages. 75c.

Two boys are sent from the Continental army besieging Boston into the city as spies—dangerous work for men, and still more dangerous for boys, since one of them cannot keep his temper at the remarks of a Tory acquaintance, and they escape with difficulty to their own lines again, without the accomplishment of their mission.

Brenda, Her School and Her Club. By Helen Leah Reed. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5½×7¾ in. 328 pages. $1.50.

A very natural story of a group of schoolgirls.

Church Folks. By "Ian Maclaren" (Dr. John Watson). Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 206 pages. $1.25.

This volume of observations in brief by a judicious note-taker is in Dr. Watson's best vein of genial humor, with many a shaft of wit well barbed for proper targets.

Colonial Days and Ways: As Gathered from Family Papers. By Helen Evertson Smith. Decorations by T. Guernsey Moore. The Century Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 376 pages. $2.50.

Reserved for notice later.

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Consequences. By Egerton Castle. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 417 pages. $1.50.

One suspects this of being early and immature work. It is in no way worthy of the author of "The Pride of Jennico."

Cricket on the Hearth (The), and A Christmas Carol. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5¼×7¾ in. $2 each.

Of all Christmas stories these are the most spontaneous and delightful. Appropriate decoration, and drawings of genuine feeling and good technique, make this edition attractive for holiday purposes.

Dames and Daughters of Colonial Days. By Geraldine Brooks. Illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 284 pages. $1.50.

The author makes no attempt to crowd between the covers of one book all the colonial ladies whose stories may be found worth telling. Eclectic as well as selective, she confines herself to ten women whom she considers the most representative of their respective States and periods. These are Martha Washington, of Virginia, Margaret Brent, of Maryland, Eliza Lucas, of the Carolinas, Sally Wister and Deborah Norris, of Pennsylvania, Betsey Schuyler, of New York, Anne Hutchinson, Abigail Adams, and Madam Sarah Knight, of Massachusetts, also Madame La Tour, of Acadia. Miss Brooks has done her work remarkably well. The historic atmosphere, what might be called the color of thought, of the periods and States, is admirably caught and conveyed. The strength of character, the real power, of some of these women of the olden time make puerile the claims of some of the so-called new women of the present. Margaret Brent, of Maryland, anticipated and acted out in her own person two hundred years ago all the "rights" claimed by the most advanced of her sex to-day. In the gray daybreak of the Boston of two hundred and fifty years ago, Anne Hutchinson, in her lonely grandeur, stands out a monument of intellectual and religious liberty. And as noble Abigail Adams—also of the old Bay State—looms up from these pages, we cannot but recall a remark said to have been made by one of her descendants of the present day, when somebody congratulated him on his family record—"Why, my dear sir, the ablest man my family ever produced was my great-great-grandmother, Abigail."

Daniel O'Connell. By Robert Dunlop, M.A. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 393 pages. $1.50.

A welcome addition to the popular "Heroes of the Nations" series. The romantic, brilliant character of the idolized Irish leader is cleverly caught; and the story of his life as here told is picturesque with continually interesting side-lights on men, manners, and politics. As a piece of biographical writing the book deserves high commendation.

Dr. Dale. By Marion Harland and Albert Payson Terhune. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 408 pages. $1.50.

In this story the author is assisted by her son. It is one of the strongest works from her pen. The scene is laid in the oil-lands of western Pennsylvania: the period, that of the sinking of the first petroleum wells, the outflow of the mighty yield, and the boom which followed. It has the interest which attaches to a field newly opened to fiction. The story itself is vivid, dramatic, realistic, and in the picturing of its character contrasts somewhat repulsive in its ruggedness.

Doris and Her Dog Rodney. By Lily F. Wesselhoeft. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 338 pages. $1.50.

There is nothing in this book to appeal to the intellect or the imagination of a child.

Dream Fox Story Book (The). By Mabel Osgood Wright. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¾×7¼ in. 251 pages. $1.50.

Even quainter, queerer, and jollier than Mrs. Wright's "Tommy-Anne and the Three Hearts." How Billy Button (a boy full of boyishness and sturdy impulsiveness) met the Dream Fox, and how together they found the most remarkable, comical, and lively adventures, makes up a topsy-turvy tale of surprises, one which is most fitly illustrated by Mr. Herford.

Faith for To-Day (A). By R. J. Campbell, B.A. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5×7½ in. 353 pages. $1.50.

Since Frederic W. Robertson's voice was stilled by his early death nearly half a century ago, no preacher in a Brighton pulpit has attracted more interest than the author of these sermons. They present a marked difference to Robertson's sermons. They do not touch the deeper chords of religious feeling as did his. They deal with the profoundest questions of theology; a speculative, philosophic character predominates. The attractiveness of such discourses in popular and oral rather than literary form is evidence that theological interest is not declining among plain people—at least among English Congregationalists. Mr. Campbell's theology is of the so-called liberal orthodox type.

Filibusters (The). By Cutcliffe Hyne. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 326 pages. $1.50.

A rattling, "devil-may-care" tale of a South American revolution. None of the characters have any principles to speak of, and they fight like buccaneers. The hero escapes being shot, roasted alive, and boiled in a sugar-kettle, all in one chapter. The plot is exciting, the literary execution just tolerable, the moral tone brutalizing.

Godson of Lafayette (The). By Elbridge S. Brooks. Illustrated. W. A. Wilde Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 333 pages. $1.50.

A story for boys, told in a manner to hold their attention and dealing with an exceptional and little understood phase of American history; namely, the strategy of the Rev. Eleazer Williams, missionary to the Indians, who was possessed with the belief that he was the "lost Dauphin" of France, son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, and direct heir to the French throne. With this personage the boy, Joseph Lafayette Harvey, meets, becomes fascinated, and for a while does his bidding. This was in the days when Jackson was President and Webster at the height of his

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power, and Black Hawk was making trouble for the Government. With these and all the other notabilities of the time "Joe Harvey" becomes acquainted, and carries the reader with him in a series of remarkable adventures which lay bare some strange bits of American history.

Helps for Ambitious Girls. By William Drysdale. Illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 505 pages. $1.50.

The American woman may sometimes feel surfeited with advice, but it were well if all the advice were as sensible as that contained in these chapters on various trades and occupations for women, such as Photography, Agriculture and Floriculture, Dentistry and Medicine, and the demands and opportunities of each. The frontispiece is a photograph of the President of Wellesley College, and the book contains portraits of women prominent in other fields.

Henry Fielding: A Memoir. By Austin Dobson. (Revised Edition.) Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 4¼×7 in. 315 pages. $1.25.

A new and very attractive edition, revised and enlarged by the author, of an admirable biography.

Hidden Servants and Other Very Old Stories (The). By Francesca Alexander. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5¼×7¾ in. 234 pages. $1.50.

The superb print of this volume reminds us almost of some mediæval missal. The appearance of the book is thus in accord with the spirit of an age which produced a Saint Bernard, a Saint Louis, a Dante, and a Giotto —an age which built the great cathedrals. The Gothic Age was *par excellence* the age of faith. From old and curious Italian books and from constant intercourse with the country people, many of whose legends and traditions had never been written down, the author of "The Story of Ida" has compiled this collection of stories, and then turned them into rhyme, in order to make them vivid and comprehensible to youngest hearers. Her poetry exactly matches the naïve simplicity, spontaneity, and directness with which the Franciscan's "Fioretti" were written and the Madonnas of Angelico painted.

"How to Play;" "How to Study;" "How to Work." By Amos R. Wells. (The "How" Series.) United Society of Christian Endeavor, Chicago. 4¾×7¼ in. 75c. each.

In this trinity of little volumes, which supplement one another, the United Society of Christian Endeavor seems to have really hit a mark often aimed at but generally missed—namely, the combining of the didactic with the interesting. How to make study engaging, work a pleasure, and play a personal possession, and not a mere thing of proxy, is here set forth in a manner that can hardly fail of pleasing any young person who may open these little books.

Lady of Dreams (The). By Una L. Silberrad. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 418 pages. $1.50.

Genuine refinement of style and delicacy of literary touch are to be found here, as well as real creative power. But the shadows of mania, innocent homicide, and suicide are so dark that the total impression is rather one of gloom than of power. In Miss Silberrad's former story, "The Enchanter," the ghoulish and devilish element introduced among charming pictures of English country life was as if Frankenstein's monster were to figure in the placid pages of "Cranford." Here the discordant note is less jarring and yet there is a dissonance. Doctor Jim, however, is a character worth having, and one only wishes he had been thrown into a stronger light. The author's knowledge of the London under-world of poverty and vice is evident.

Lane that Had No Turning (The). By Gilbert Parker. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 359 pages. $1.50.

A group of short stories dealing with characters with whom Mr. Parker is most familiar, and whom he sketches with almost unfailing skill: the old seigneur of Lower Canada and the old habitant are drawn again in these pages, not only with vividness but with charming sympathy. Mr. Parker succeeds in conveying the fragrance of spirit of the old French life expressed in its sense of honor, its conception of gallantry, and its religious devotion. The longest story, which gives its name to the book, is extremely well told; the shorter stories are, almost without exception, pervaded by that picturesqueness which is Mr. Parker's most striking characteristic.

Last Refuge (The). By Henry B. Fuller. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 284 pages. $1.50.

A story the scene of which is laid in southern Italy, and in the manner, half fanciful, of Mr. Fuller's earlier tales. A group of people who, for one reason or another, have not found life to their minds and are making one final effort to get from it what they anticipated at the beginning, are moved by a common impulse to seek Sicily as the ultimate refuge of those who have not found in life the beauty they crave, in work the satisfaction for which they looked, or in experience the joy and comfort which it promised; but the story centers about and finds its most characteristic figure in a man of forty who selects a younger man to go with him in order that he may revive the freshness, the vividness, and the joy of youth through his eyes. The story is very delightfully conceived and delicately wrought out, with charming bits of landscape in Mr. Fuller's sensitive style.

L'Aiglon: A Play in Six Acts. By Edmond Rostand. Adapted into English by Louis N. Parker. R. H. Russell, New York. 5½×8¾ in. 262 pages. $1.50.

The play by the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac" in which Sarah Bernhardt and her company have made an overwhelming success in Paris, while an American company with Miss Maude Adams in the part of the Duc de Reichstadt is now rendering the drama in this city. The "eaglet," weakling son of Napoleon and Marie Louise, hardly had in actuality the imperial ambition and yearning to break the gilded chains of luxury with which he is credited in M. Rostand's conception. That conception, however, is instinct with dramatic life and force. The situations are astonishingly strong and the surprises quick and sharp.

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Probably the critical verdict will find here less true poetry and humor than in "Cyrano," yet there are passages which even under the test of quiet home reading move and arouse the imagination, and this despite the truth that the spectacular and theatrical elements are often exaggerated. That such a play can be enacted in Paris week after week without the slightest danger of fanning the "Napoleonic idea" into a political flame illustrates the great change which thirty years has wrought in France.

Letters of Thomas Edward Brown. Edited by Sidney T. Irwin. 2 vols. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7⅞ in. $4.

Two volumes of delightful letters, which go far to disapprove the statement that the art of letter-writing, like that of conversation, has perished. Mr. Brown's verse fills a large volume, much of which has a great deal of charm, and some of which has lasting value. But he has left nothing so interesting as this collection of letters, at once intimate, familiar, and reserved, with the reserve of a man of taste and dignity. A scholar, a clergyman, a Manxman, a poet, and a wit, with a genius for friendship, Mr. Brown had the background of a true letter-writer; and these volumes are the record of a life which had many interests, of a mind which had many resources, and of a nature rarely gifted in the art of expression. The letters are breezy, informal, personal, touched with literature, appreciative of scenery, and altogether delightful.

Life of Christ (The): A Poem. By the Rev. Samuel Wesley. Revised by Thomas Coke, LL.D. Edited by Edward T. Roe, LL.B. Illustrated. Union Book Co., Chicago. 6½×10 in. 516 pages.

This work by the father of John Wesley was published under royal patronage two centuries ago. Having gone out of print, it was republished a century later by Dr. Thomas Coke, the first Methodist bishop in America. Two years ago it was rediscovered by the present editor, and now reappears in an elegant form with twenty full-page illustrations. The editor's laudatory estimate of it is too high. The world recognizes a distinction, which he does not, between poetry and verse. He has done well, however, to preserve this memorial of the piety and literary ingenuity of a man to whom the entire Church owes much.

Lincoln at Work: Sketches from Life. By William O. Stoddard. Illustrated. United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston. 4¾×7¼ in. 173 pages. 75c.

A sheaf of anecdotes connected with the life of the "martyred President" both before and after his election, told by one who seems to have been ever at his elbow, so to speak. These stories may not be new to all who open this volume, but they can bear a good deal of retelling. They help to show us Lincoln's daily life and habits of thought as if reflected from a looking-glass.

Life and Song. By Anna R. Henderson. Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo. 5×8 in. 113 pages.

Life of Henry George. By Henry George, Jr. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 634 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for notice later on.

Mr. Dooley's Philosophy. Illustrated by William Nicholson, E. W. Kemble, and F. Opper. R. H. Russell, New York. 5×7¼ in. 263 pages. $1.50.

Very few crises happen in American history which do not develop a humorist—a man who, behind the mask of comedy, has the gift of natural insight and of incisive comment. Mr. Dooley was one of the compensations for the Spanish-American war. His manner of approach is distinctly Celtic, but his vision has the straightness and his wisdom the directness which, perhaps with some self-sufficiency, we are in the habit of calling American. In this volume the Chicago philosopher deals with such questions as marriage, the servant-girl problem, China, the Exposition, alcohol as food, and other subjects as vitally unrelated to one another. The humor sometimes drags, and is by no means always of the best quality; but a great deal of it is genuine, and there is an underlying common sense in the volume which gives it some importance as a contemporary human document.

Mooswa and Others of the Boundaries. By W. A. Fraser. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼×8 in. 260 pages. $2.

A handsomely illustrated volume, in which the inhabitants of the forest—bird and beast—meet in conclave, tell their own stories, display their own codes of honor, together with their attitudes and sentiments towards man. It is sympathetically done, and with a latent sense of humor which warms it to a gentle human heat from beginning to end.

Onesimus: Christ's Freedman. By Charles Edward Corwin. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 332 pages. $1.25.

Onesimus, the slave whom St. Paul sent back to his master, used to be much heard of fifty years ago in the mouths of apologists for the Fugitive Slave Law. His possibilities as material for a much more commendable kind of fiction one never imagined till Mr. Corwin revealed them. It is a work of decided merit, not only in the plot and its working out, but also in the skill with which the author has availed himself of the meager Biblical material. In matters of technique some blemishes need the retouching which a good classicist might give; *e.g.*, the Proconsul's proclamation is not in Roman style, and obol, not "oblos," is the correct term for a certain coin. Taking his cue from St. Paul's allusion in the Epistle to Philemon to the incongruity between the name and the character of Onesimus, Mr. Corwin depicts the slave as a desperate fellow, whose dream of freedom is realized at length in conversion to Christ. This, however, is but part of the general conflict between heathenism and Christianity, which is graphically delineated from the notices of St. Paul's work at Ephesus, as related in Acts xix.

Oxford Two-Versions Bible: Being the Authorised Version with the Differences of the Revised Version Printed in the Margins. Oxford University Press (American Branch), New York. 5½×8 in. 1,373 pages. $7.50.

This is, as the Bishop of Gloucester says in his Preface, "a convenient and carefully arranged combination" of the old and the new Versions. The marginal references are added, which until now no combination of the two Versions has supplied. The handsome copy

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before us includes all this, together with an indexed atlas, in a volume of thin paper and very moderate size, printed in clear type.

Queen versus Billy, and Other Stories (The). By Lloyd Osbourne. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 309 pages. $1.25.

There is a hard, unsympathetic note in many of these stories of South Pacific life, the same discordant note that jars in "The Wrong Box" and some other tales in which Mr. Osbourne collaborated with Robert Louis Stevenson. But from this criticism must be excepted "The Happiest Day of His Life," than which few more charming and idyllic tales have appeared in recent years.

Real Chinese Question (The). By Chester Holcombe. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 386 pages. $1.50.

"The Real Chinaman" is one of the best books on China. Its readers will have, therefore, a ready welcome for the author's new volume, "The Real Chinese Question." Mr. Holcombe's long service as Interpreter, Secretary of Legation, and Acting Minister of the United States at Peking well fits him for his task. His book has atmosphere. His words are those not of the mere observer, no matter how clever the observations. His words, like Dr. Smith's in "Chinese Characteristics," are those of one who has lived long amid the scenes he describes, who has not merely learned to know China, but who has allowed China time enough to learn to know him. Men of the alert intelligence of these two have thus a right to speak with authority on Chinese problems. Mr. Holcombe points out in some detail the friction and conflicts necessarily resulting from misconceptions of the Chinese character; he analyzes that character, showing that the Chinese are not a decadent race; he describes their *literati*, their secret societies, their army and navy, and finally the missionary, mercantile, and diplomatic work of foreigners in China. He concludes that the real question is that of the continued existence of the Chinese nation, and that the solution of the question is not to be found in the partition of the Chinese Empire, but in wise aid given by the Powers to China, that she may aid herself.

Record of Books Loaned from the Library. Current History Co., Boston, Mass. 4×5¾ in. 48 pages. 25c.

Reels and Spindles. By Evelyn Raymond. Illustrated. The W. A. Wilde Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 369 pages. $1.50.

A story for girls. The heroine, Amy Kaye, daughter of a sweet-natured Quaker mother, and an artist father whose life is passed in dreams without outcome, finds herself at an early age beset by trials of a most grinding and pressing poverty. Nobly unselfish and wholly ignorant of life, she faces the situation by simply taking up the first work that offers—in a carpet-mill. How she triumphs over circumstances by simple strength of character, melts the soul of a sordid relative, and uses what she inherits for the good of others, forms the burden of a story ideal in purpose and admirably well told. A half-witted boy whom Amy befriends, and Cleena Keegan, the Irish "help"—and practically the most resourceful member of the household—would alone make the story an entertaining one. While some of the incidents may be tinged with the improbable, the whole effect is morally wholesome.

Religion of a Gentleman (The). By Charles F. Dole. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4¼×7 in. 219 pages. $1.

Some years ago Professor Sumner, of Yale, commented on evil symptoms in American society by saying, "We do not need patricians, but we need patrician virtues." To expel the taint of a vulgar and mercenary commercialism our democracy needs the spirit of the old-time gentleman ever ready at his own cost to serve the State, the knightly spirit self-pledged to defend the weak and succor the helpless. Such is the spirit of the religion that Mr. Dole here commends to young men as the religion of the truly civilized man. He appeals to those generous, soldierly, heroic sympathies that are peculiarly responsive in the earlier period of life. Nor does he leave unanswered those profounder interests that grope for satisfaction where religious thought is perplexed by doubts. Books of this sort are greatly needed to correct false and one-sided ideas of the spiritual life by duly accenting its manly and strenuous side, too frequently overshadowed, as it has been, by the gentle and feminine.

Representative British Orations. Edited by Charles Kendall Adams. With a Supplementary Volume by John Alden. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7¼ in. 4 vols. (sold separately, $1.25); per set, $5.

These well-edited volumes have a particular value. They show more comprehensively than do ordinary histories the currents of thought which have shaped the policy of Great Britain during the past two and a half centuries. The historical notes are admirable, and in themselves furnish a history of England from Pym to Rosebery.

Return to Christ (The). By Amory H. Bradford, D.D. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 4×6¾ in. 155 pages. 75c.

That remarkable movement of religious thought during the century which is designated by this title Dr. Bradford here exhibits in various points of view. What has come to pass and is going on for the simplifying and ethicizing of theology, the socializing of ethics, truer conceptions of the Divine Kingdom and better methods for promoting it, is presented with clearness and cumulative effect.

Russia and the Russians. By Edmund Noble. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 285 pages. $1.50.

A close and thoughtful study by a fair-minded political philosopher. More than ever to-day the world is eager to understand Russia because of its prominence in world-problems. Mr. Noble treats in broad outline the founding of the empire, the origin of the autocracy, the impetus given to national growth by Peter the Great, the partial Europeanization that followed, the various revolutionary propaganda, the emancipation of the peasants, the exile system, the material and territorial expansion, and the language and literature. Finally, he devotes a chapter of supreme interest to a

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discussion of the future of Russia. He believes that the process of political transformation, though certain, must be slow, because the autocracy is strongly upheld by the ignorant and unprogressive class, but that the measures for encouraging industry and spreading education introduced in the present reign must gradually bring about the conditions under which Russia will be regenerated. Even its present military supremacy must, he thinks, necessarily yield before powers higher in social and political development, while the traces of popular representation now existing might make it possible even in two generations to graft constitutional reforms upon the nation's life, when once the principle of such representation is admitted by the government.

Short Rails. By Cy Warman. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4¾×7 in. 310 pages. $1.25.
A dozen or more spirited tales, tersely told, and with that surety of touch which comes only from intimate knowledge. In the management of a flying train over difficult passes the writer is as much at home as is the average individual at his own fireside. The romance, danger, bravery, plottings, and nobility of action incident to life on the rail are all realistically depicted, and the reader feels the charm which attaches to the new or strange. The literary form is good, the situations varied and kept well in hand.

Sleeping Beauty and Other Prose Fancies. By Richard Le Gallienne. John Lane, New York. 4¾×7¾ in. 211 pages. $1.50.
There is less of self-consciousness here than in most of the author's essays. Whether he is deploring Kipling's "Absent-Minded Beggar," defending Stevenson's style against Mr. George Moore, chatting pleasantly about his American visit, or writing from a new-found Danish bathing-place, the author for once is thinking more of the matter than the manner of his writing.

Social Teaching of the Lord's Prayer (The). Charles William Stubbs, D.D. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 102 pages. 75c.
The request of American friends, who heard the Dean of Ely on this subject in various cities which he visited last year, has drawn from him these four sermons given in his term as Select Preacher before the University of Oxford. Many as are the volumes upon the Lord's Prayer, its social teachings have not been adequately exhibited. We would earnestly recommend this volume as supplying the defect, and exhibiting the lessons of social order, social progress, social justice, social duty, and social discipline, which all who use that universal prayer should lay to heart.

Stringtown on the Pike. By John Uri Lloyd. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 414 pages. $1.50.
Two causes will prevent a large class of readers from thoroughly enjoying Mr. Lloyd's novel despite its unquestionable originality. One is its excess of dialect, too painfully rendered, with almost every word misspelled. This may be accurate, but it is harsh to the eye and tedious to read; compare a page of it with the negro dialect writing of Thomas Nelson Page, or Harry S. Edwards, or Joel Chandler Harris, and the force of the common remark that there is dialect and dialect is at once evident. The second fault is the mingling of the supernatural and the realistic incongruously—the first chapter repels those whose taste or imagination does not care for ghostliness; here again we do not refer to the depicting of negro superstition, but to those "spooky" things which the reader is called on to accept as actual occurrences. Apart from these drawbacks and a general over-intensity that often becomes melodramatic, the novel is remarkable for its dramatic situations and the vividness of its pictures of Kentuckian village life.

Theatre and Its People (The). By Franklyn Fyles. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 4¾×7½ in. 259 pages. $1.25.
The author writes not to encourage illusions nor to detract from the popular regard for things theatrical. He knows intimately the practical side of play-writing, acting, scenic art, and stage-management, and he lets the lay reader into many interesting secrets. Many people will question his belief that the theatrical "trust" system has raised dramatic standards.

Tongues of Conscience. By Robert Hichens. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 368 pages. $1.50.
Here are five stories intended to deal with situations in which soul problems are involved. In one a painter is haunted into madness by dwelling on the supposed ruin of a child whom he tutored into becoming a mere puppet to his æsthetic requirements; another man ruins his family and meets a tragic death through a similar mania for "art for art's sake." In another a lady miser is converted into leaving all her wealth to charity, through finding herself haunted by the memory of a man driven to suicide through her refusal to give him bread. The working out of these stories shows a good deal of literary art and subtle penetration, but they result only in making the reader feel that they were written because of the author's own bias towards the æstheticism he condemns. They are soul stories with a morbidly unwholesome flavor.

Twelve Great Actors and Twelve Great Actresses. By Edward Robins. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 2 vols. $5.
The author of "Echoes of the Playhouse" has now put forth a work which may be of even greater popularity. In describing the careers of twenty-four actors and actresses he describes as well twenty-four real philanthropists, those who gave royal pleasure to the public. Mr. Robins's skill in narration is notable, and these two volumes will undoubtedly find special favor at the holiday time. The selections range from Garrick to Wallack, from Anne Bracegirdle to Adelaide Neilson.

United States in the Nineteenth Century (The). (Old South Leaflets.) Old South Meeting House, Boston. 5×7 in. 180 pages.

United States in the Orient (The). By Charles A. Conant. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 228 pages. $1.25.
The economic and political problems involved in the new position of the United States as a world-power are well stated in these pages.

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Though the manner in which we have assumed our new duties may have had something of the appearance of accident, Mr. Conant shows that we are only following other countries in the general movement to find outlets for surplus capital and for the products of labor. Mr. Conant does well to call attention to the labor interest, since the laborer is the largest contributor to the vast fund of savings which seek investment in remunerative enterprises. His savings suffer by a fall in interest, and are permanently impaired in value if he permits the markets of the world to be closed to the products of his labor. Therefore foreign outlets become necessary if we would prevent idleness of wage-earners, commercial depression, and consequent suffering. In the case of the United States, by instinct of self-preservation, a great agricultural and manufacturing country is compelled to enter upon the field of international politics. While Mr. Conant devotes himself chiefly to the economic aspect of the problem, not so much to its ethical or political aspects, he admits that they are not "traitors" who are convinced that expansion is unwise and can give reasons for their belief. Then, however, he proves impressively that they are not without ethical ideals who believe that, both on the economic and the moral side, the application of American commercial enterprise and American civic standards to the Philippines, for instance, will result in benefits of high character, first to our island wards, and then inevitably to the home country.

Wanted: A Match-Maker. By Paul Leicester Ford. Illustrated by H. C. Christy. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5¼×8¾ in. 111 pages.

As amusing a little story as one could wish with which to while away a pleasant hour. With such every-day subjects as a rich young woman sighing for some object in life and too fastidious to marry without love, an impecunious doctor of soaring scientific ambition, and the most slangy of newsboy street waifs, the author of "Janice Meredith" is to be congratulated on having achieved an artistic success—even if reality is stretched to the snapping point!

Webster's International Dictionary of the English Language. New Edition, with Supplement of Twenty-five Thousand Words and Phrases; W. T. Harris, Ph.D., LL.D., Editor-in-Chief. G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass.

The publication of a new edition of Webster is an important event in the book world. Since the last revision was issued, in 1890, other and larger dictionaries have been published, and those who wish to "follow Webster" will be pleased to find their favorite again fully abreast of the times in this new edition. While this is not, of course, a new book throughout, it is printed from new plates, and such changes as the advance in knowledge of a decade has made necessary have been made in the plates. In addition, a very valuable supplement of twenty-five thousand words has been added. The preparation of this supplement has been under the general charge of Dr. W. T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, and with him many well-known specialists have collaborated. A dictionary is of value to its users just in proportion to the fullness of its vocabulary; and we are pleased to note that the new International contains many familiar terms of recent introduction not found in other dictionaries; as, for instance, commandeer, Harvey process, osteopathy, telephoto, fin keel. The very important feature that has distinguished the International from some of its rivals, that of ease of reference, each word having a paragraph to itself, is carried out in the supplement. Taking it all in all, we are inclined to say that, for the general reader and the average family, the new edition of the International is entitled to the praise given to the old edition by Dr. J. A. H. Murray, editor of the great English Dictionary now in course of publication, that it "is perhaps the best of one-volume dictionaries."

White Flame (The). By Mary A. Cornelius. The Stockham Publishing Co., Chicago. 5×7¾ in. 402 pages.

Woman Tenderfoot (A). By Grace Gallatin Seton-Thompson. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 361 pages. $2.

Mrs. Seton-Thompson has been her husband's companion in many of those expeditions in forest and cañon which have aided to give him the marvelous knowledge of animal life and animal thought (if the word may be used) so charmingly drawn upon in his books and lectures. Here we have the story of camping, hunting, and mountain-climbing in the far Northwest from the woman's standpoint. The author's experience was not by any means free from disagreeables, but hardships overcome only added to her joy in free, exhilarating outdoor life. Incidentally she gives other women expert advice as to camp outfit and dress. The volume is odd and attractive in decoration and illustration, but the figure-drawing is sometimes rather queer.

Wonders of Nature: As Seen and Described by Famous Writers. Edited and Translated by Esther Singleton. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 366 pages. $2.

This beautifully illustrated volume is likely to be welcomed most by those who may desire some acquaintance with the varying styles of famous authors without spending the time required for studying them at large. Among the authors from whose works excerpts are selected are Balzac, Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, Pierre Loti, Shelley, Keats, Sir Edwin Arnold, Kingsley, Lamartine, Eugene Fromentin, Von Humboldt, David Livingston, Gautier, Sir Richard Burton, Gordon Cumming, Lady Brassey, Amelia B. Edwards, Lord Dufferin, John Ruskin, Rudyard Kipling, and others. The author says she has purposely confined herself to the grand, the curious, or awe-inspiring, eschewing topographical or detailed description; the aim has been to reproduce for the benefit of the reader the effect upon the author. Hence those who would look for such beauty as might smile from the Lakes of Killarney or the vine-clad hills of the Rhine must await it in another volume.

Works of Theodore Roosevelt (The). 15 vols. Each containing Frontispiece. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 4¼×6¾ in. $7.50.

Although still a young man, Mr. Theodore

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Roosevelt takes his definite place among the makers of literature, if the collection of his works in a uniform edition may be taken as an indication. There are fifteen volumes in this edition. It comprises Mr. Roosevelt's "Winning of the West," "The Naval War of 1812," "The Rough Riders," "Civil Service," "American Ideals," and his four books on hunting—"The Wilderness Hunter," "Hunting Trips on the Prairie," "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," and "Hunting the Grizzly." The publishers have put these works before the public in volumes extremely light and convenient to the hand, in irreproachable binding both as regards cloth and color, and in paper and print very agreeable to the eye.

Works of Honoré de Balzac (The). Edited by Professor W. P. Trent, of Columbia University, New York. Illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Popular Edition. 16 vols. 5¾×8 in. $1 per vol. $16 per set.

That permanent regard for Balzac's works exists among American readers is put beyond doubt by the appearance of three complete translations of his monumental "Comédie Humaine" in less than ten years. That now before us is in sixteen volumes, is sold at an extremely moderate price, and is in typographical form satisfactory and even surprisingly good if price be considered. Professor Trent, of Columbia, has evidently devoted care and thought to the editing of the work; he furnishes an adequate biography of Balzac, an accurate bibliography, and introductions to the several stories. Through all these means the reader may readily gain full knowledge of the author's life, and especially of his purpose and proposed system in this in many ways the most ambitious and wide-embracing work of fiction ever planned. The freshness and clarity of Balzac's style have held their own for fifty years, and despite the difficulties of translation. His amazing acquaintance with the society of his time and country and with universal human traits make his fame secure.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

1. Please give the underlying basis of Kant's philosophy, as you kindly did of Hegel and Lotze. What is the best exposition of his teaching that can be secured? 2. What do you think of the story of the Witch of Endor? Can it be explained by modern hypnotic revelations? 3. Mention two or three of the best histories of the Jews. J.

1. The basis of Kant's system was like the feet of Nebuchadnezzar's image, part of iron, part of clay. The clay was his doctrine of the inadequacy of "pure reason" to transcend the sphere of common consciousness and to attain the knowledge of ultimate reality, or "things-in-themselves." The iron was in his doctrine of the "practical reason," postulating God, Freedom, and Immortality as necessities of the ethical life. Ethical considerations are the basis of Kant's positive teaching. 2. She is prototype of the modern trance-medium, well known to Spiritualists. For this view see a chapter in "Early Pupils of the Spirit" (T. Whittaker, New York, 80 cents). 3. Graetz's History of the Jews is a standard work in five volumes (Jewish Publication Society, Philadelphia). Kent's and Riggs's three volumes are valuable (Scribners, New York).

Please answer the following question: How do you interpret John i., 1-3; xvii., 5; Col. i., 15; Heb. i., 2, 3? Do they teach that Christ existed before the incarnation? If so, how? F. K.

With reference to the point of your inquiry, all these passages, if the first be connected with its sequel in John i., 14, teach the pre-existence of Christ. The mode of it is nowhere explained except in Philippians ii., 6, "the form of God," which is more properly translated "a divine form."

Please name six best books for our Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, to be reviewed before them to encourage those who read little to read. They are young people of limited education, from fifteen to eighteen years of age. A. R. P.

Biography seems to us the most promising field for your undertaking. Christian ethics are best taught in that line. Try the "Missionary Biography Series" (75 cents per volume), the lives of eight Christian heroes; also Buckland's "The Heroic in Missions" (50 cents). Besides these, others of great interest are "The Story of Mackay of Uganda by his Sister," Dr. Hamlin's "My Life and Times" ($1.50 each), and Tiffany's "Dorothea Lynde Dix" ($1). You can conveniently order all these from the Pilgrim Press, Boston.

Please inform me where I can obtain the Apocalyptic books under one cover. If this is impossible, where can copies of the separate books be obtained, especially of the Book of Enoch? X. Y. Z.

See "The Sibylline Oracles," Dr. Terry's version (Eaton & Mains, New York, $2).

Some years ago a picture or engraving entitled the "Drunkard's Five Steps," or "Five Steps Drinking Gin," etc., was published in Philadelphia. It illustrated the drunkard's downward career by five representations of the same man in different stages of demoralization. Would you kindly give name of publisher? A. E. P.

Referred to our readers.

Our recent notice of the Seminar conducted by Dr. Moxom in the South Church at Springfield on the Book of Psalms has brought him many letters from readers who suppose him to have prepared an outline for a course of general Bible study, of which they desire copies. Dr. Moxom has no such thing for distribution, but only a very brief and simple exhibit of what his seminar is doing on the Psalms. He has distributed these to applicants, but cannot do so indefinitely.

Kindly state who is the author of this quotation, and where it is to be found:

"Brightly the splendor of the Godhead shone
In awful glory from His living throne.
Then bowed was every brow; no human sight
Could brave the splendor of that flood of light
That veiled His presence and awful form,
Whose path the whirlwind is, whose breath the storm."

D. V. S.

I want a copy of "Seven Great Hymns of the Mediæval Church." It is out of print. Can any Outlook reader furnish me a copy? C. B. B., Box 472, Rockport, Mass.

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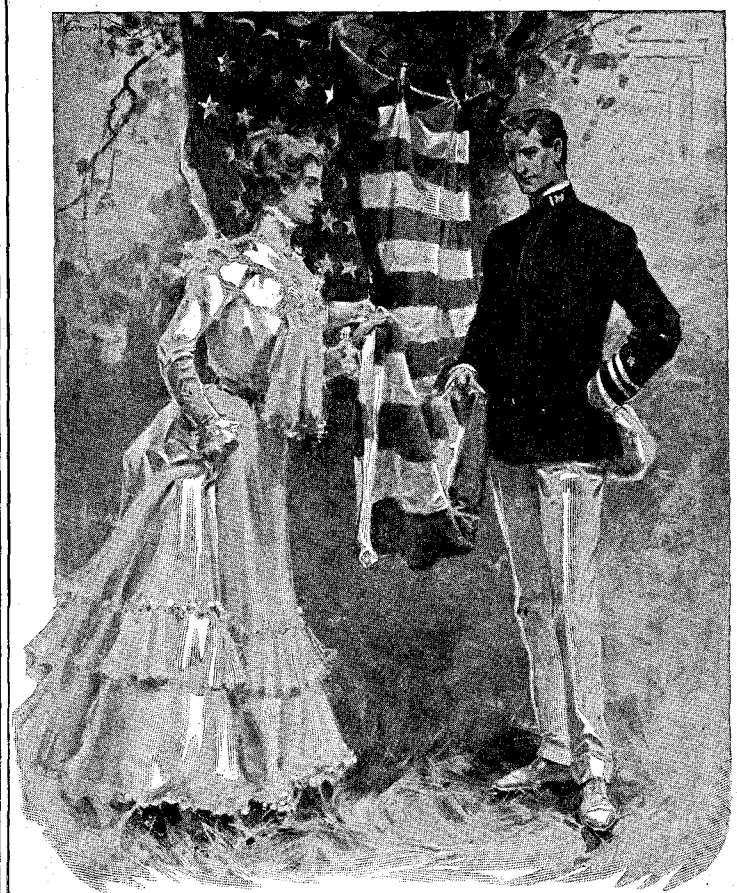

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